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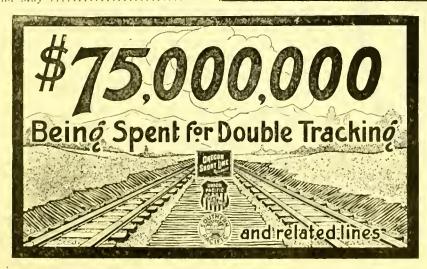
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DESERET FARMER, Lehi, Utah

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TWO WOMEN.

By Ida Stewart Peay.

One had a mansion large and grand, With heirlooms and treasures from every land; With furnishings costly and paintings old, And music and books of number untold

But still that house was not complete— No sound was there of babies' feet; No childish voice rang through the hall; No mother nursed a baby small.

The lady who lived there was young and fair; There were servants to save her from every care; And never in idlest moments wild Did she sigh for the touch of a little child.

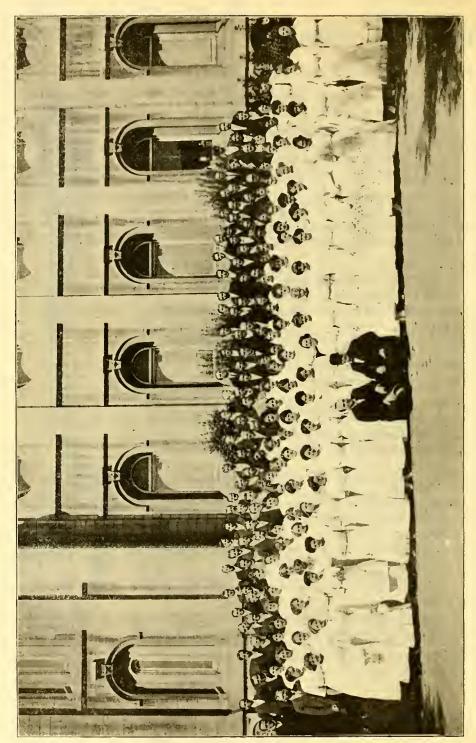
Throughout the land to clubs she went, And oft to banquets she was sent. Of life she knew the gayest side— Was known and envied far and wide.

The other one's house was small and low, But perhaps she was wiser to have it so. Passing the hedge, through the gate you could see It nestling low 'neath the walnut tree.

But though it was small it was pleasant and sweet— And gay with the patter of little feet; For children were there both young and old With tears and laughter and mirth untold.

The dear mother's face had some lines of care; There were silver threads in her soft brown hair; But the smile of peace shown bright on her face; She had learned content in her humble place.

She worked in God's wondrous creative plan; She aimed to make sweet here the life of man; And though she's not known o'er the country wide, Perhaps she is loved "On the other side."



NEW YORK CHORUS OF THE TABERNACLE CHOIR. WEST SIDE OF TEMPLE IN THE BACKGROUND.



ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Vol. 47.

MARCH, 1912.

No. 3.

Six Thousand Miles With the "Mormon" Tabernacle Choir.

Impressions of the Manager.

When first asked to undertake the management of the recent trip of the New York Chorus of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir to New York and return, I fully sensed the tremendous responsibility of chaperoning two hundred and fifty people on a six thousand mile tour through the United States. To arrange for their appearances in twenty-five cities; look after their comfort: direct their movements: exploit the advertising in such a way as to redound to the honor of the State, and at the same time give to the members individually an opportunity of getting all the educational advantages that the wonderful tour afforded; to keep the young people from dangers, physical and moral, and return them to Salt Lake safe and sound to their fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, or sweethearts, seemed an almost overwhelming task, and I hesitated before undertaking the tremendous labor. However, the contract to sing at the American Land and Irrigation Exposition in New York City from Nov. 3rd to 12th had already been signed, and as little time remained, I accepted the duty and began a work which turned out to be the most unique in all my theatrical experience, covering a period of over fifteen years. I was not at the first suggestion, particularly interested in the tour, feeling that the time was hardly ripe for the trip, but as I

got into the work I became what might be called ardently enthusiastic for one of my phlegmatic temperament. The importance of the project grew on me day by day and became my constant companion. I took it to bed with me; when sleeping or waking there was always the one thought uppermost in my mind,—the tour of the big choir.

In June I made a preliminary tour of the East to arrange for halls and theatres in which to sing, and that trip alone was full of unusual experiences. It happened that the sections visited were suffering from the most intense heat known in forty years, it was said. At any rate it seemed for a time almost impossible to endure it. At Detroit, for instance, on July 3rd, the temperature was one hundred and eleven in the shade. In New York horses were dropping down at the rate of two hundred per day. But it is hard to kill off a product of the Rocky Mountains, and so I survived the very trying ordeal of heat endured on that trip and after seven weeks of travel, arrived in Salt Lake in August, with contracts for appearances in the finest halls of twentyfive of the greatest cities in the United

At the outset it would be rank ingratitude not to acknowledge the splendid services of a few of those who took a prominent part in planning and working out the details of the tour so

successfully. Our thanks are especially due to Bishop Charles W. Nibley, who was always an ardent supporter, and wise counselor; to Benjamin Goddard, the chairman of the executive committee, who was constantly at work on the details of the tour; to the executive committee, one member of which, Eli H. Pierce, was really the father of the project, he having carried on most of the preliminary correspondence leading to the signing of the contract with Mr. McClurg to appear at the Madison Square Garden; to Professors Evan Stephens, John J. McClellan, and Edward P. Kimball, the soloists, and the choir for their artistic work; to Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Union Pacific system whose friendly interest made the tour possible; to D. E. Burley, General Passenger Agent of the O. S. L. Ry., the initial line; to D. S. Spencer Assistant General Passenger Agent O. S. L. Railway and manager of transportation whose personal arrangement of the details of the railway movements and whose presence during the greater part of the tour was a matter of comfort to all concerned; to Senator Reed Smoot, for making our visit to Washington one of the most memorable events in our history; to Governor William Spry for his manly championship of the choir and Utah, and for always saying and doing the right thing at the right time and place; to Geo. E. Carpenter, press agent, who is accredited by many impressarios with preparing the best press material ever sent them; to Bishop David Smith, Treasurer and Geo. C. Smith Assistfor indefatigable labors through the six thousand miles of travel. To our car captains for their personal interest in all under their charge, and for their wisdom and tact in carrying out the discipline agreed upon; to Alfred Peterson and J. W. Bailey, stage carpenters, and Frank Foster, master of properties for constant devotion to their onerous labors; above all, to the guarantors who stood be-

hind the tour financially. There are many others who ought to be mentioned in this foreword, but space will not permit. All Utahns, however, without regard to class, color or creed, seemed to have but one thought in mind during the visit of the choir—Utah, dear Utah.

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Miss Edna EvansSoprano
Mrs. Bessie BrowningSoprano
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David ReeseTenor
Fred C. GrahamTenor
Mabel Cooper Contraito
Horace S. EnsignBaritone
John RobinsonBaritone
Melvin PetersonBaritone
Walter WallaceBass

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Aird, Eva
Barber, H. E.
Bayliss, Emma
Bolto, G. F.
Brown, Emily
Burns, Cecil
Bird, Lillian J.
Brain, E. J.
Bailey, J. W.
Bowring, W. D.
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Christensen, H. J.
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Duncan, Mrs. L. C.
Duncan, Mrs. L. C.
Duncan, Hazel
Davis, Hazel
Davis, Hazel
Davis, Blanche
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Edwards, Edna
Engberg, Vera
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Fairbanks, Ortho
Fuller, F. C.
Glissmeyer, August
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Glies, Merle
Hinckley, Josie
Holliday, Geo. T.

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Bolto, Mrs. G. F.
Bradson, Ethel
Bradford, Lillie
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Barton, Miss
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Burton, Julia
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Dunbar, J. T.
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Davis, Esther
Dodworth. Beatrice
Despain, Gertrude
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Elkins, John
Evans, Ivy
Foster, Frank
Farrell, Alice C.
Glissmeyer, H. A.
Green, Mrs. R. N.
Gardner, Claribel
Gardiner, Amy H.
Hickenlooper, Geo.
Holmes, J. T.



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Jacobs, Veda
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Kessler, Vivian
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Lyon, Mrs. Matt
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McAllister, Kate
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Thomaso, Lorante Thomas, Julian M.
Thomas, Evangeline
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Treweek, Nettle R.
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Willet, M. M.
Weight, F. II.
Wood, Sarah L.
Williams, Millie
Williams, Millie
Williams, Millie
Wallace, Susie E. Williams, Millie

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On October 7th the first tryout, of what was now called the New York Chorus, was made in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, but with indifferent success. On October 20th another concert was given in the Salt Lake Theatre which really was the first good opportunity the special chorus had of showing what it was capable of doing. At this concert the city became enthusiastic and realized that Professor Stephens really had a great chorus capable of doing splendid work, and of winning honor for our State even in the metropolis of the nation.

Our train left Salt Lake on the evening of October 23rd over the Oregon Short Line Railroad. Through the courtesy of Willard Scowcroft, President, and Joseph Ballantyne, Director, of the Ogden Tabernacle Choir and the Presidents of the Ogden, Weber, and North Weber Stakes, the tabernacle was turned over to the New York Chorus. A large party, including Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Anthon H. Lund, accompanied the Choir to Ogden and listened to the first concert given by the selected chorus out-



CONDUCTOR EVAN STEPHENS.

ORGANIST JOHN J. M'CLELLAN.

side of Salt Lake City. It was a warm-hearted audience that greeted the singers. During the intermission an eloquent address of welcome and "God speed" was made by Charles J. Ross in behalf of the Ogden singers, and responded to by Director Evan Stephens. At the close of the concert, the two choirs of four hundred voices joined together and sang "America."

By nine o'clock our singers were back to the special train and soon afterwards, exhausted by the strenuous work of preparing for the tour, were fast asleep in their berths. The next morning, bright and early, the train, with two mammoth engines, was pulling along over the Union Pacific line, almost the identical track of the Mormon pioneers of 1847.

Though I have traveled this route many times in the course of my life, yet never have I passed over it with such mingled feelings of reverence and gratitude as on this occasion: reverence for the Pioneers who had traveled almost this identical route; gratitude that the wilderness had been redeemed; that we, the children of the

Pioneers, could enjoy the wonderful blessings resulting from their toils, and that we were permitted to return in palace cars over the old route, and go into the very places from which our parents had been driven, to sing our way into the hearts of the people. I could see in fancy's eve the fathers, mothers and grandparents of our young singers, trudging their weary way along the then unbroken desert singing their sacred songs as they bore the burdens incident to such journeys. In the procession I could see my own father and mother, then a young couple, with their first born-my eldest brotherin their arms. Then in kaleidoscopic procession there passed before my eyes the various incidents in the pioneer age —the buffalo hunts, the stampedes, the prairie fires, the Indian fights, the circled wagons, the camp fires, the dance. the simple evening songs set to the popular tunes of the day—and now their sitting back in Pulman children coaches, singing the world's greatest compositions. It seemed so like a fairy tale that—

"Chevenne!"



A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK CHORUS OF THE TABERNACLE CHOIR,
This picture was widely copied by Eastern newspapers.

I was brought back to earth. If anything could bring one back to earth, it was Cheyenne, for it was the first city outside of Utah in which we were billed to sing, and when the conductor called out the name I made haste for the platform. Our party of two hunundred and fifty was already on the move, anxious for the first change in the long trip. We had previously made arrangements for dinner at "The Plains" Hotel, and Mr. Nicodemus, the host, simply outdid himself in preparing a palatable collation. We were signed to appear at the Capital Avenue Theatre and I hastened there to see if all arrangements had been made as agreed upon. We were to have a full grand piano, and a good concert provided. Neither was "Couldn't be gotten in the city," said the local property man.

"Will you help me try?" I asked.

He assented and we went on a still hunt for the instruments. I was half starved and frantic to get a taste of Mr. Nicodemus' dinner, but fate was against us. It seemed we should surely fail in getting that piano, when we finally got the promise of the loan of an instrument by a private citizen. A transfer was brought into hasty commission, and the concert grand arrived at the theatre a few moments before the rise of the curtain. It was with a feeling of great satisfaction that we took Mr. McClellan over to that piano. He ran his artistic fingers over the keys and, behold, it was out of tune! There was no time to correct the difficulty and so the concert had to be given with the piano out of tune, a distracted conductor, a nervous chorus. and a pianist whose feelings one had better not try to analyze. He told me afterwards that twice during the evening he had resolved into another key to get out of the woods, and it takes an artist to do this, you know. Organist Kimball simply had to retire from the field as the piano and organ could not be made to harmonize. But with all these complications, the concert was a great success. Conductor Stephens kept h's head. The audience knew nothing of the difficulties encountered, and enjoyed only the finished product.

As the curtain arose on the opening chorus displaying in raised tiers our two hundred singers,—the ladies in simple white dresses, the gentlemen in conventional diess suits—a round of applause was given that fairly shook the house. Distinct hits were made by Willard E. Weilie, Lydia White, Lizzie Thomas Edward, Horace S. Ensign, Edna Evans and Fred C. Graham, the soloist; of the evening, and the choir for its fine ensemble work. By 10.30 the concert was over, and at 11 o'clock our platform had been taken to the Union Pacific station and the choir members were all in their bertlis. There was a sharp cry of "all abroad" and the big special was again whizzing over the old Mormon route bound to Omaha, our next stop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SPECIAL TABERNACLE CHOIR TRAIN LEAVING THE OREGON SHORT LINE DEPOT. SALT LAKE CITY.

Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl. By Nephi Anderson.

XXI.

When the doctor arrived from Croft just before noon, he found the injured woman resting as well as could be expected. He pronounced her out of immediate danger, but as she had received some internal injuries, he could not say what the result would eventually be. Julia explained to the doctor and Mr. and Mrs. Ross that the woman was an acquaintance of her father's from the East in search of a son. That is all she told, and Mrs. Lawrence said no more herself. The doctor left in the middle of the afternoon.

Julia now became a nurse, carrying out the doctor's instructions carefully. Knowing more fully than any of the others who her patient was, she put her whole soul into her work. The poor woman had received a terrible shaking up. She may never walk again, so the doctor had told Julia. She was in search of Chester, but she might never find him. He was out of reach, it being possible that he was on the other side of the earth. Not a word had been heard of him for months.

Julia rested a little during the afternoon that she might be with the sick woman at night. The wild night noises might disturb her. The woman obtained some relief from pain towards evening, and as her mind was clearer, she would talk to Julia and ply her with questions. Julia answered what she thought wise, urging her to remain as quiet as possible, and assuring her that she was not an intruder, but a welcome guest and would be taken care of. Julia evadêd questions regarding her relationship with Chester.

In a few days when Mrs. Lawrence became fully aware that she was in the home of her former husband and being nursed by a child of Agnes Winston, she could hardly content herself to remain quietly in her bed. she should come to this—to be forced to be an object of their charity was more than she could stand to think about. Julia was kindness and gentleness itself, and the woman's eyes could not remain off the girl as she moved about the room, for it seemed to her. that here was Agnes Winston as she looked and acted when she had first known her at Altone. Yet she knew that Agnes had been dead for years. At times when her brain was not quite clear the mystery puzzled her much.

Then the woman asked Julia about her father. She appeared pleased to know that he would not be home for three weeks yet.

three weeks yet.

"I'll be well enough to get away by then," she said. "I am sure he would be displeased to come home and find me here."

"I don't think so, mother," replied Julia. She had begun to call Mrs. Lawrence mother. The patient did not object. In fact, her face lighted with pleasure when Julia thus addressed her. "Father will be grieved to see you here in your present condition. I am sure he would rather have you here well and strong—which I hope you will get after a while."

This was a week after the accident. Mrs. Lawrence could not sit up, but she rested easily on her pillows and was strong enough to talk. The afternoon sun came through the window and lay as a bar of yellow gold across the room. The soft mellowness of the Indian summer crept into Piney Ridge Cottage, crept also into the heart of a suffering woman.

Julia sat by the bed as Mrs. Lawrence liked to have her do. They had talked of Chester and Julia had told her more of him.

"Yes," said the mother, "Chester is a good boy. He is an improvement on his parents; but that is as it should

"I suppose I am a failure then," said Julia, "as I am sure I am not as good as my father and mother."

"Don't say that. You are not the judge. I think you are better than they—that is when they were your age, and that is the only correct way to look at it."

Julia protested gently, but did not argue the case. It was time for her patient's afternoon tea, so she busied herself with its making. She had had to learn that, too. Tea had never before been within Piney Ridge Cottage. therefore Julia had never learned the worldly art of tea making. But now Mrs. Lawrence pronounced it good.

"Do you know, Julia," said the woman after the tea and toast had been disposed of—"do vou know why vou remind me so much of your mother?'

"I look like her, I have been told."

"Yes, you do; but you act more like her. The way you carry your head, the way you smile and the very ring of your laugh is your mother's. I remember that so distinctly. We, you know, were neighbors, and we became great chums. I was a few years older, but that made no difference. We used to talk together for hours * * * most everybody thought she didn't amount to much, as she was so quiet; but your mother was a brave girl, I tell von. Once when two tramps were helping themselves to melons in our garden, and insultingly destroying it, Julia made believe she had a pistol and drove them away. Did your father ever tell you of that?"

"No, he never has,"

"Well, I could tell you many things about her. You do so bring me back to those early days."

The days passed with very little improvement in the injured woman. The doctor came every other day, but when out of the sick room he shook his

head. "Just take good care of her," he said; that is about all we can do,"

Julia wrote the news to the folks in Salt Lake. She said she could not leave Mrs. Lawrence. She would have to delay her school beginning—perhaps she would not be able to go at all. She was going to take care of the injured woman first. They were to tell her father when he came why she was not in Salt Lake.

The days went by, growing shorter as the autumn advanced. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were busy with the harvesting so that Julia was alone much of the time with her patient. As we grow to love those for whom we do good deeds, so Julia became attached to this woman who had so strangely come to be her care. And that Chester Lawrence's mother, her father's former wife, should thus come into her life was indeed strange. Julia had often longed for a mother's love, and now who was closer to her than Anna Lawrence? On whom else could she bestow her pent-up love of mother!

And Anna Lawrence could not help but feel the warm rays of this girl's love. It penetrated her hardened selfchilled heart, and loosened some of the obstinate purposes which she had set in her life. Sometimes Julia would find her with face to the wall to hide the tears. Then she would put her arms around the sorrowing woman, say nothing, but press her gently and

stroke the gray head.

"Julia," said she one day, when they were alone, "I believe the doctor thinks I shall not get well."

"Of course you'll get well, my dear

"I wouldn't care so much if I could see Chester first. I'd just as leave die here as not, for you love me I am sure —and I have so very few that really love me—very few. * * * Come here, my girl, I want to tell you something. * * * Be faithful to your father and to your religion; that is true. I have known it all the time-I have been away. The testimony of its truth would never leave me though I tried hard to make it do so. I am so glad that Chester has found out the truth. * * * Tell him so from me, if I do not get to see him; and tell him to be true to his religion though all else should fail him. * * If I am to die I wish I might do so before your father comes—and yet, I should like his forgiveness before I go."

Julia could not repress her tears as she tried to reassure the sick woman that all would yet be well with her.

"If you have done wrong," said the girl, "father will be the first to for-give—yes, I know."

"He forgave me once—he might

again.

"Yes; until seventy times seven," replied Julia. "And the Heavenly Father is good and kind and forgiv-

ing.'

Day by day the woman becar weaker. In a day or two Hugh Elston was expected home, and he would have to hurry to find Anna Lawrence alive. Everybody about Piney Ridge Cottage moved without noise. The doctor came no more. Julia became weak by long hours of watching, but she would not give up her post to kindly neighbors. The nights became cool. Soon Old Thunder dressed himself in his robes of state, in rich vestments of yellow and red. Snow fell on his hoary head among the groves of dark pines. At night Julia had to close the window to keep out the cold and the noises of the covotes.

The father's coming was delayed. Julia received a card from him stating that he had been hindered, but within a week he would surely be home. The days dragged by. The woman's life seemed to flicker up and down like a flame. "Will Chester never come," she whispered; but there was no word

from him.

Hugh Elston rode out to Piney Ridge Cottage with the mail carrier who had, partly at least, been responsible for the accident. The returning missionary had heard the news at Salt Lake, but the driver gave him details. He drew near his home with peculiar feelings. What joy to get back to the wild open country, to his home of freedom among the mountains! The driver went out of his way that he might set his passenger down in the dooryard. He could see that Mr. Elston was an elderly man, not too strong; and he had a heavy grip.

Julia flew to her father while he was yet in the yard. She saw he had aged considerable. Arm in arm they en-

tered the house.

"She is still alive," explained Julia, "but it appears to me that she might die any minute. I'll peep at her. * * She seems to be asleep. If she could only see Chester—and you, she said this afternoon, she would be ready."

"Does she want to see me?" asked

the father.

"She didn't at first—she was afraid she would not get well before you come; but now she has changed—she wants to see you."

"I will wash the dust off, then I will

come in."

It was in the dusk of evening when Julia went back to her post at the hedside. Mrs. Lawrence was conscious and spoke to her.

"Light the lamp," she whispered,

"It is dark."

Julia lighted the lamp and turned down the wick.

"Turn it up," said the woman. "I want to see him when he comes in."

"Who, mother."

"Your father."

"Yes; he has come. Do you want to see him now?"

"Yes."

The door was pushed softly open, and Mr. Elston entered. He went to the ked. The dying woman lay on her back with arms outside the coverlet. Her eyes were open wide, and there was a faint smile on her lips. The father kneeled by the bed side, took the emaciated hands, and looked into the sunken face. "Anna." he said.

Then the woman slowly raised her arm and let it fall over his neck as if to draw him close so that she could talk to him. He leaned over, kissed her on the cheek, and then their heads were close together. "Hugh, Hugh, I am so glad," Julia heard her say, and then she tiptoed softly from the room.

Anna Lawrence lingered until the evening of the next day, and then she passed away. Death had once more come to Pincy Ridge Cottage, and to father and daughter it reawakened sad memories. Agnes and Anna were now in the spirit world. Had they met there, and renewed their friendship? Hugh Elston found pleasure in the thought that they had. As for Anna, how strange that she should come to him for the end! Buffetted about for years on the ocean of storms, she had at last come back to a safe harbor and found a degree of peace and rest.

A telegram was sent to Chester, to his Chicago address. Mr. Elston told Julia that he had stopped off in Chicago to find if possible Anna Lawrence, and to call on her. His former wife, of course, he had not seen, but he had met Chester, and had had a pleasant visit with him.

The day passed with no reply from Chester; the second day also, and then word came back that Chester could not be found; arrangements were therefore made for the funeral. Another grave was prepared in the enclosure out in the sage brush near Piney Ridge Cottage. On the third day services were held in the house. Marcie and Rose Borden and Will Summerville came to the funeral. The neighbors came to pay their respects to the strange departed, knowing she was, in some way, connected with Hugh Elston.

The visitors from Salt Lake remained a day after the funeral, inspecting with deep interest Piney Ridge and its cottage, of which they had heard so much. Julia, seconded by her father, urged them to remain

longer. They would climb Old Thunder Julia said, if they would stay, and even visit Chester Lawrence's gold mine; but the city people were bound by city business and had to return to their daily round of work. Next summer, the girls said, they would surely spend their vacation with Julia in her "Country Villa."

"And Brother Summerville, too,"

added Julia.

"Yes," replied Rose, "Brother and Sister Summerville will come to see that their harum scarum Sister Rose keeps out of mischief."

This talk took place out by the wagon, just as they were ready to drive off

to Croft.

"Yes; that's all right," said Mr. Elston, you're all welcome. I want you to come and get acquainted with the beauties of Piney Ridge Cottage."

"We surely shall," the three shouted

as they drove off.

The evening was very quiet in and around Piney Ridge Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were away for the night, and Julia and her father had the house to themselves. As the evening was cold, a cheerful fire of cedar sticks burned in the grate. The two had supped royally on bread and milk, and they were now sitting before the fire, Julia on a low stool near her father's big chair.

"Yes, Julia," he was saying, "I am so glad you did what you could for her, and that you served her from pure love. She realized that, and told me of

it."

"Yes—and now you have missed your school again. You want to go back, don't you?"

"I should like to. I fairly got start-

ed "

"Well, my girl, this is what I have been thinking we would do: Mr. and Mrs. Ross will remain here until spring, and we two will go to Salt Lake, you to continue your schooling and I to work in the Temple. While in England I found a lot of names that belonged to our family, and I can do nothing better than to spend this winter in doing work for them."

"Oh, father, that will be fine; for then we can be together. We are lonesome when apart, are we not?"

"Yes; we are all we have now," said he as he stroked the head leaning against his knee. "Julia," he said, after a pause, "I want to tell you of my visit with Chester Lawrence in Chicago. You ought to know how he feels and what he said to me."

"Yes."

"I thought I ought to try to find his mother. I had some difficulty in finding where she lived, and this delayed me. At last I learned that Anna had been living a somewhat isolated life, spending her time between a lonely Chicago home and some relatives up in Michigan. I did not find her at home. Some of her neighbors told me she frequently spent weeks away from the house, and I supposed she was with her Michigan people. However, something drew me back to the house the next day, and there I found Chester. He had been roaming about the country since he left Salt Lake, and he, too, not finding his mother at home, thought she was with her friends."

"He must have been disappointed."
"I suppose so, but he did not show
it. He seemed very much pleased to
see me, and he treated me very kindly. In his room that evening he told
me his story—and it was past midnight before we went to bed."

The father again stroked lovingly his daughter's head. She was silent,

looking steadily into the fire.

"Julia," he continued, "Chester has no hard feelings against you. He told me to tell you that. He said you had a perfect right to answer him the way you did, if your heart could not accompany your hand. Your refusal was a terrible trial to him, and it nearly upset him, but he is in his right mind again, and I think he will prove him-

self to be the right kind of stuff. He told me he had written you a letter, but had carried it around for days, hesitating whether or not to mail it. He found me before he did so, asked me to read it and bring it to you, if I saw fit. Here it is." He handed Julia the letter. She took it from the unscaled envelope and read it by the light of the fire.

"Dear Sister Julia:

"After some weeks of wandering about the country I now feel capable of sending you a few lines to tell you that I am alive and well and still true to the faith. Even though you could not grant me the greatest wish of my heart, I must be satisfied with what you have done for meand I now see that through you the Lord has been exceedingly kind to me. It was you who first called my attention to the restored Gospel with its wonderful possibilities; it was you who turned my life from blind prejudice to one of ever-increasing light and love. Through you the broken link is again welded. I am my mother's only child, and I shall try to close the breach that she, by her mistake, made. God bless you and your dear father. Remember ac to all the good people in the ward have the roving spirit, and I do not know where it will lead me, but this I feel assured that the good angel of life in the form of the High Ideals which Julia Elston has given to me, shall always and ever direct my steps aright.

Sincerely yours, Chester Lawrence."

The letter dropped to the reader's lap, and there was silence for some time. Then Julia said,

"Father, what am I—what have I done that Chester should say such

things to me?"

"My girl, the little things of life, the simple every day duties often become the great moving forces of the world. This is merely an incident in proof. I am very, very glad for what Chester said, because it is the truth; and his joy will increase when he learns how his mother felt during her last days, and what you, my girl, did for her."

Julia got up from her seat, stirred the fire, and placed on it some more wood. Then she seated herself on the arm of her father's big chair. "Do you wish to read, father?" she asked. "Shall I light the lamp?"

"No; I just want to talk to you this evening. * * * When did you last

hear from Glen?"

"I got a letter from him just before you came, wherein he told me of his visit to London and his meeting with you."

"Yes; we had a fine conference—and Glen is making a splendid missionary. He told me of his experience in Holland, and he asked me, Julia, in his timid way, of you. He said you had not written to him."

"Father, I am ashamed of myself; but I haven't been in a frame of mind to write lately. He'll never forgive me." Then Julia told of Glen's visit to Salt Lake just before leaving for his mission, and how he had missed her

"Glen is a sensitive boy," said the father. "He would never go where he supposed he was intruding, even if it broke his heart to remain away. I

talked to him freely of you as it seemed to do him good. * * * Did he never tell you that he loved you?"

Julia told what happened at her father's farewell party. They lapsed into silence again.

"How long do you want to go to school?" asked the father.

"Two or three years, and maybe longer."

"And then?"

"Then I want to come back to Piney Ridge Cottage and live with you."

"Well, Julia, you shall live here with me as long as you wish, and Piney Ridge Cottage shall be yours when I am gone. Live here in God's great open country. Bring to you as many as possible, of the comforts of the city; and then with cultured heart and soul and trained mind wherewith to lay hold of nature in its wildness and beauty, you may live as nearly the perfect human life as is possible—you and your husband and your children."

"Father!"

"Yes, my girl, I am sure you will have both husband and children." His



"My girl, the little things of life, the simple everyday duties, often become the great moving forces of the world."

hands were once more on the shapely head—the hands of a patriarch giving a father's blessing. "You have followed the light, and that light will still illumine your way and make your paths clear. * * * Your children's children shall call you blessed. * *

"Father?"

"Yes, my girl."

"May I tell you? Recently, it has been so strange, and especially since I got that letter from Glen. * * * I believe that the Lord has released from His keeping the love of my heart. * * * Oh, father, I cannot describe my feeling, my happy feeling. The light is clear and beautiful, free from shadows."

"Yes, dear; and in what direction does it lie?"

"Out across the ocean to a land of

shining canals and slow-moving windmills. There is light everywhere there, when I think of Glen, and—and he stands out in it so good and true and strong that—"

She slipped from the arm of the chair on which she had been sitting, and her father clasped her in his arms. She nestled close to him, as if to hide her trembling confusion. He patted her cheek, now rosy red, stroked her hair—and smiled. The glow of the fire fell on father and daughter as they sat enwrapped in each other's love and confidence.

THE END.

Note: Piney Ridge Cottage will shortly be published in book form. Send orders to Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

A Bear Story.

By Ida Stewart Peay.

Once at the close of a circus parade I was surged by the crowd to within a few feet of a cage which held a huge grizzly bear and his trainer. The wagon being stopped Bruin's riding mate unfastened the door to come out. But as he gained the opening, to the horror of the spectators, the bear leaped there also. Instantly the trainer raised his whip in air; equally as quickly the great beast settled on his haunches menacingly lifting his enormous forcpaw in daring and angry defiance. Being on the very threshhold of the open door the jam of terrified humanity breathlessly awaited the outcome.

For an endless moment the two looked each other full in the eye, neither flinched but neither ventured to strike, then the animal wavered, dropping grimly on all fours. In the fraction of a second the trainer was

out and the door was fast. He had conquered with a look. His superior mentality—and consequent power—was conveyed, through the eye, to the beast, who succumbed.

If the man had struck the blow, thus emphasizing his physical inequality, Bruin would have dashed him aside and claimed his liberty, which could only have ended in dire havor to the crowd and in his own destruction.

Many a father has found his son ready to leap from the door that some unjust or unfortunate act of his has left ajar. If he has the patience, the self-control, the nerve, and the wisdom, to withhold the blow, commanding by the authority of the eye, he has a chance to stay the runaway. But if he strikes—out goes the child and what could be more bitter than the havoc and destruction that follow.



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SALT LAKE CITY, - MARCH, 1912

Our Religious Identity.

It is very important that the Latterday Saints should always keep before them that recognized standard of religious and moral life which modern revelation has set up for their guidance. They should, in other words, keep a firm hold upon what has been beautifully described as the "iron rod."

In these times when commercial, social and business organizations are taking strong hold upon the people, and when associations are often composed of all classes of people, the duties and obligations of the Latter-day Saints cannot safely be set aside for other standards of living.

It is to be feared that men accept for their guidance too frequently the general conduct of those by whom they are surrounded. If questionable practices are indulged in and the want of proper restraint is felt in any of these business, social and political organizations it is no reason why those who profess to be Latter-day Saints should cut themselves loose from their moorings and drift with those who are indifferent, wayward, or immoral.

Long continued associations with those who are self-indulgent, reckless or faithless will have a powerful influence over those who, under other circumstances, would easily incline to more upright lives. Young people always more or less thoughtless, are especially subject to prevailing and passing influences. They are not always able to stand erect in the midst of moral indifference and retain their religious identity.

We should never forget that we are, or should be, distinctly Latter-day Saints, wherever our lot in life might be cast, and we should never lose sight of that moral and spiritual guidance which the Gospel imposes upon us. Some of our young men who have made shipwreck of their lives may trace their misfortune and downfall to the first step they took in their willingness to be like those with whom they were associated in their temporal pursuits.

There are periods of excitement which rise often to such an extent that men and women apparently are completely carried away with it and forget everything but that which gives them temporary pleasure or worldly gain. Some, indeed, have no higher

standard of morals than that which panders to worldly popularity. When these waves of excitement pass over they find themselves not only drifting aimlessly but sometimes hopelessly submerged among the debris or driftwood of wayward humanity.

The power wielded over us by our environments cannot always be fully resisted, and we may yield too frequently to the passions and sentiments of the hour, but we should see to it that our weakness in this direction is checked and subdued before it proves

It is imperatively necessary, at all times, and especially so when our associations do not afford us the moral and spiritual support which we require for our advancement, that we go to the house of the Lord to worship and mingle with the Saints that their moral and spiritual influence may help to correct our false impressions and restore us to that life which the duties and obligations of our conscience and true religion imposes upon us.

"Good times" are often dangerous times, and social fraternity, if not of the right character, will prove more harmful than helpful. Let us, therefore, in the midst of our worldly callings and associations not forget that paramount duty which we owe to our-

selves and to our God.

We should hearken to the voice of that Spirit which is crying to the honest in heart, to come out of Babylon, saying: "Come out of her, my peo-ple, that ye be not partakers of her sins and that we receive not of her plagues, for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God liath remembered her iniquities." This means that we shall not only come out of Babylon, but that we shall not partake of her sins. The requirement is: "Depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; go ye out of the midst of her; be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord." Again: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel. And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (II. Cor. 6:14-17.)

IOSEPH F. SMITH.

The Children Know.

In the puzzle department of the December Juvenile we offered the children prizes for the best answers to the question, "Why do you read the Juvenile Instructor?" Among the contributions received was one from Margaret Baker, a little seven-yearold girl of Boulder, Utalı. It is so full of good things that we reproduce it.

First, my papa is a Sunday School superintendent. If he did not read it our Sunday School would soon know there was something wrong. Then, mamma is a Sunday School teacher. She said one day: "Oh, that blessed Juvenile; what would I do without it?"

I am a little girl, and the Juvenile tells me about Jesus and the wise men and many good men. I also like the Run

Away Doll story.

Mamma says she don't worry much about her "kids" if they always read the Juvenile. I am only seven years old, and of course some big boy or girl will get the prize, but I wish to tell you why I read the Invenile Instructor: I love it. Margaret Baker.

Surely "out of the mouths of babes" shall we learn wisdom. Many an older head would not think of such good reasons for subscribing to this magazine.



Superintendents' Department.

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.

Stake Sunday School Conferences for 1912.

It is proposed that a Sunday School conference be held in each stake during the year 1912. Thinking that the conferences should be held as early in the year as possible, the General Board recommends the dates given below. Consideration has been given to the requirements of each stake as known to the General Board. and also to the convenience and practicability of making the visits. An attempt has been made to avoid conflicts with other stake meetings, and we deem it necessary to adhere to the dates as announced, as closely as possible, for the reason that if changes be made in the schedule, the conferences will become so congested that it will be very difficult, if not impossible, for General Board members to visit them.

The following dates are assigned to the stakes:

DATES.

March 10—Alpine, Bingham, Ensign. March 17—Salt Lake, Davis, South Sanpete.

March 24—Liberty, Ogden, North San-

March 31—Pioneer, North Weber, Rigby.

April 14—Granite, Weber, Panguitch. April 21—Jordan, Box Elder, Carbon, Wayne.

April 28—St. George, Malad, Hyrum, Union.

May 5-Kanab.

May 12—Fremont, Morgan. May 19—Parowan, Nebo, Utah. May 26—Sevier, Wasatch, Benson.

June 9—Bear River, Tooele, Bannock. June 16—Emery, Blackfoot, Woodruff, Bear Lake, Star Valley.

June 23—Beaver, Cache, Juab. June 30—Cassia, Millard, Summit.

July 14—Alberta, Taylor, Duchesne, Uintah.

July 21—Big Horn, Oneida, Pocatello, San Juan.

July 28—San Luis, Teton, Yellowstone.

November—Juarez, St. Joseph, St Johns, Maricopa, Snowflake.

PROGRAM.

Meetings throughout the day will be held as follows:

9 a. m.—Prayer meeting.

9:25 to 10 a. m.—General Assembly. 10 to 12 noon—Department work.

2 to 2:45 p. m.—Department Work. 2:45 to 4:30 p. m.—General Assembly.

Prayer Meeting.

9 a. m. (for General and Stake Boards. Presidency of Stake, High Councilors and Bishops of wards are cordially invited).

1. Roll call of the officers named above.

2. Reading of minutes of prayer meeting held last Conference.

3. Thought exercise during appropriate instrumental music or song.

4. Prayer.

5. Concert Recitation (to be selected by stake superintendency).

6. Necessary instructions.

7. Marching to General Assembly, not later than 9:20 a. m.

Note.—Under "Instructions" the subject "Elements of the Successful Prayer Meeting" will be given briefly by a member of the General Board.

General Assembly.

9:25 to 10 a. m.

(Members of the General Board, Stake Presidency and High Council, Stake Sunday School Board, Bishoprics and all Sunday School officers and teachers.)

9:25 a. m.—Preliminary music.

10 a. m.—Singing.

Prayer. Singing.

Instructions.

Marching to Departments.

DEPARTMENT WORK.

Superintendents.

10 a. m. to 12 noon.

(Including Stake Presidency, Bishoprics, Superintendents, Secretaries, Treasurers and Librarians.)

Consideration of the following top-

ics:

- 1. Union Meetings—The adoption of a definite plan best adapted to stake conditions.
- 2. The Priesthood in the Sunday School.
- 3. Relation of the Secretary to the Superintendency.
 - 4. Benediction.

2 to 2:45 p. m.

Opening exercises.

Consideration of the following topics:

1. The Financing of the School.

2. The Sunday School Library. Adjournment to General Assembly.

Note: Let all members of this department come prepared to discuss the foregoing topics, and to suggest how they may be best applied for the advancement of their respective schools. Any superintendent or other officer may be asked to speak upon any topic suggested.

Choristers.

10 a. m. to 12 noon.

(Including Stake and Ward Choristers and Organists.)

1. Practical lessons in conducting.

2. Benediction.

2 to 2:45 p. m.

Opening exercises.

How can we secure the best results from the Union meeting plan adopted in our stake?

Adjournment to General Assembly.

Note: Members of this department are expected to come prepared to participate in helpful discussion of the subjects above named, and suggest practical measures for the advancement of the department.

Parents' Class Department.

10 a. m. to 12 noon.

Consideration of the following topics:

- 1. What are you doing with the work in hand?
 - a. How do you deal with the subject matter outlined in the JUVENILE?
 - b. How do you supplement this subject matter?
 - c. How do you follow up the work?
 - d. What practical results are coming? What have you attempted and failed to get? Why?
- 2. What do you propose to do in this "Back to the Home" movement?
 - a. What does the expression, "Back to the Home" signify to you? What are your feelings as to the necessity of such a movement? Are you converted?
 - b. What percent of your homes are you reaching directly and influencing vitally? What plan do you propose for reaching the others?

c. When, where, and how do you agitate this "Back to the

Home" movement outside of class?

- d. What does community leadership in this movement involve?
- 3. How can we secure the best results from the Union meeting plan adopted in our stake?

Note: The Parents' Class Stake Supervisor is asked to submit the foregoing outline to each of his ward supervisors a month before the convention, if possible, with the request that they return to him within ten days a written discussion of the points involved. With these papers in hand the stake supervisor will then prepare a paper to occupy twenty minutes, to be presented at the convention to open the discussion. The program will be extended throughout the morning and the afternoon sessions.

Theological Department.

10 a. m. to 12 noon.

Consideration of the following topics:

- 1. Preparation of a Sunday School lesson.
 - a. By the teacher.

b. By the pupil.

2. Maintenance of interest, including presentation of lessons to the pupils, and the relation of the teacher to the pupil.

Benediction.

2 to 2:45 p. m.

Opening exercises.

How to secure the best results from the Union meeting plan adopted in our stake.

Adjournment to general assembly.

Note: All members of this department are expected to come prepared to participate in helpful discussion of the subjects above named.

Second Intermediate Department.

10 a. m. to 12 noon.

Consideration of the following topics:

- 1. Preparation of a Sunday School lesson.
 - a. By the teacher.

b. By the pupil.

2. Maintenance of interest, including presentation of lesson to the pupils, and the relation of the teacher to the pupil.

Benediction.

2 to 2:45 p. m.

Opening exercises.

How to secure the best results from the Union meeting plan adopted in our stake.

Adjournment to General Assembly.

Note: All members of this department are expected to come prepared to participate in helpful discussion of the subjects above named.

First Intermediate Department.

10 a. m. to 12 noon.

Consideration of the following topics:

- 1. Preparation of a Sunday School lesson.
 - a. By the teacher.

b. By the pupil.

2. Maintenance of interest, including presentation of lessons to the pupils, and the relation of the teacher to the pupil.

2 to 2:45 p. m.

Opening exercises.

How to secure the best results from the Union meeting plan adopted in our stake.

Adjournment to General Assembly.

Note: All members of this department are expected to come prepared to participate in helpful, discussion of the subjects above named.

Primary Department.

10 a. m. to 12 noon.

Consideration of the following topics:

1. Effective preparation and presentation of the lesson.

- 2. The Art of Questioning. (See book of that title.)
- 3. Benediction.

2 to 2:45 p. m. Opening exercises.

How can we secure the best results from the Union meeting plan adopted in our stake?

Note: All members of this department are expected to come prepared to participate in helpful discussion of the subjects above named.

Kindergorten Deportment.

10 a. m. to 12 noon.

Consideration of the following top-

- 1. Some phases of Sunday School preparation.
 - a. Previewing the field.
 - b. Outlining. c. Reviewing.
 - d. Presenting the lesson.
 - 2. Studying pictures. Benediction.

2 to 2:45 p. m.

1. Opening exercises.

- 2. How can we secure the best results from the Union meeting plan adopted in our stake?
- 3. Some other phases of Sunday School work.
 - a. Ever-present aims in kindergarten work.
 - b. Living our teachings.

Note: All present should be ready to discuss above subjects and take notes on discussion.

General Assembly.

2:50 to 4:30 p. m. (for all Stake and Ward authorities, Sunday School workers and the public generally).

1. Report of attendance.

2. Song service (15 minutes).

By Song Service is not Note: meant a song proctice, but an enthusiastic, whose-souled rendition by the entire assembly of well-selected songs known to the congregation. It may be desirable to secure good soloists to render the verses of some songs, but the singing in the main should be congregational. The purpose of the "song service" is to awaken enthusiasm and give opportunity for true worship in song.

3. Prayer.

4. Remarks (15 minutes).

"What the Stake expects from Sunday School workers," by President of the Stake.

5. Special music (vocal). 6. Remarks (30 minutes).

"The Priesthood and the Sunday School," by member of the General Board.

Music (vocal).

8. Concluding remarks.

9. Singing.

10. Benediction.

SUGGESTIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Arrangements for Conferences.

Arrangements for the conferences will be entirely in the hands of stake superintendents. It is expected that they will determine upon the most suitable place for holding the conference, taking into consideration the convenience of both their own workers and the General Board; and that they will provide the best buildings available for the conference work and arrange for the proper entertainment of visiting Sunday School workers. They should notify the General Board at once of the place at which the conference will be held.

Care of Local Sunday Schools.

It is desired that all Sunday School officers and teachers be in attendance at these Conferences. To this end, it is suggested that proper arrangements be made in ample time before the Conference to have the children in the Sunday Schools properly taken care of. Local Superintendents, under the direction of Stake Boards, should prepare a pleasing and profitable program for the Sunday School on Conference day and the school should be left in charge of some responsible member.

Report of Attendance.

Prior to the date set for the conference, report blanks will be sent to each stake with the request that the local Superintendent will fill in the names of all officers and teachers enrolled, and indicate on the report the names of all who will attend the conference. This report should be sent to the Stake Secretary at least two days before conference convenes. From a duplicate list kept by the local Superintendent. he will counter-check the attendance from his ward in the first general meeting Sunday morning, and hand the correct report to the Stake Secretary at the close of the 10 o'clock session. From these reports the Stake Secretary will ascertain the total attendance of all stake and ward authorities, and announce the same at the afternoon general session.

Assignments.

Only a few special assignments have been made on the program, either in the general sessions or in departments, the purpose of the General Board being to have all present at the conference participate, so far as possible, in the discussion of the topics suggested. Some may be called upon to lead in these discussions, so everybody should give each topic careful consideration before coming to the conference.

The "Juvenile."

Among other reports that may be called for from local Superintendents, will be one regarding the percentage of officers and teachers who subscribe for the JUVENILE. It will be a source of encouragement to the General Board and to all other Sunday School workers to have a majority of the wards in each stake report between 75 and 100 per cent subscription. Let us work to this end. Commendation for good service always enhances the spirit of a conference.

Notice to Stake Superintendents.

All instructions concerning the Conferences are contained within this program and the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and Superintendents should proceed with conference arrangements without further notice from the General Board.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR APRIL.

(D. S. S. Book No. 291.)

God, our Father, hear us pray, Send thy grace this holy day; As we eat of emblem blest, On our Savior's leve we rest.

CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR APRIL.

Subject: The Atonement and Resurrection.

FIRST SUNDAY.

II. Nephi 10:25. Wherefore, may God raise you from death by the power of the resurrection, and also from everlasting death by the power of the atonement.

SECOND SUNDAY.

1. Cor. 15:22. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

THIRD SUNDAY.

John 11:25. I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Note.—For instructions concerning new method of presenting the Concert Recitations, see Juvenile Instructor, for January, 1912, pp. 22 23.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

Tooele Stake.

At the quarterly conference of the Tooele Stake of Zion, held Dec. 31, 1911, former Stake Sunday School Superintendent Elder Alonzo J. Stookey was honorably released, having been sustained as a counselor to the Stake President. Elder Jonathan H. Hale of Grantsville was selected as the new Stake Superintendent.

The Juvenile Instructor.

Superintendents who are not urging the teachers to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR are doing their schools an injustice. For years the General Board has been urged to prepare helps for Sunday School teachers. The Board has responded and at the present time more labor is expended in fulfilling this request than ever before. Lessons are now prepared by the best teacher minds of the Church, and the Sunday School workers who are passing them by unnoticed surely ought to be reminded of the good things they are missing.

The Industrial School.

A reorganization of the superintendency of this school was effected in December, by installing Joseph E. Davis as superintendent with Joseph Estey as first, and Rich Porter as second assistant.

Emery Stake.

Nephi L. Williams has been recently sustained as superintendent of the Sunday Schools of Emery Stake.

The Sunday School for the Deaf and Blind.

Max W. Woodbury, superintendent of the Sunday School for the deaf and blind, reports that sessions of that school will be held regularly the remainder of the season. The school has been able to hold only two sessions on account of the failure to obtain a home to meet in. But for the present, this difficulty has been overcome. The school has accomplished a great deal of good in the past, and the General Board is much interested in its future progress.

Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.

Forward be our Watchword.

DR. J. STAINER.

ALFORD.

1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us, 2. Forward, when in childhood, Buds the infant mind; All through youth and manhood 3. Glories up - on glories Hath our God prepared, By the souls that love Him Not a look be - hind; Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our ar - my's head; Not a thought he-hind; Speed through realms of nature, Climb the steps of grace; b shared. Eye hath not be - held Him, Ear hath nev-er heard, One day to Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led! Forward thro' the des-ert, Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Father's face; Forward, all the life-time. Nor of these hath uttered Thought or speech a word: Forward, ev - er forward, Through the toil and fight, Canaan lies be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light. Climb from height to height, Till the head be hoar - y, Till the eve be light. Clad in ar - mor bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

Art in the Home.

When Dr. James P. Haney, Director of Art in New York High Schools, addressed the Utah Teachers last No-

vember, he said, in part:

"Of all human instincts there is none deeper than that which leads man to adorn the things he possesses, to decorate his person, his tools, and all his belongings. 'This desire,' says Carlyle, 'is the first spiritual longing of the barbarian.' The savage who dwelt in the dim dawn of history has left us no trace by which we can know him, save the drawings with which he decorated his stone cave. His successors, as they have struggled upward through the ages, have in turn left results of similar desire to beautify things, in jewels, in carvings, in temples, and in tombs.

"Art has thus meant many things to many men, but after all, it can be best defined as the search for beauty, as something which does not lie without, but within us. It is our own response to that which stirs us, it is a personal thrill, and is in us and not in the thing which moves us. Herein is art's great secret; we know not beauty that we do not feel. Art is dependent upon appreciation born of an emotion. To make such appreciation sensitive to fine forms, beautiful lines, and harmonies of color, its lessons must be taught early in the life of the worker.

"One who is to learn what art is must thus come to understand that it is not something apart and unrelated to him, something to be raised by others for him to admire. Rather, it is that which he can create himself, indeed something which he must create himself even in the simplest business of his life. The decoration of a room, the hanging of pictures on a wall, the choice of colors in clothes and furnishings, all are of everyday experience,

yet they call for just the knowledge of what makes for beauty in line and form. And this same knowledge is daily required throughout the business world.

"To learn thus, that art is common, is not to learn that it is commonplace. There is a luxury of taste which far surpasses the luxury of wealth. The latter cannot by extravagant expenditure, secure the results which are attainable by practice in choosing between things æsthetically good and had. Choose, however, we must, every day and many times a day, and each choice is a matter of judgment. Such judgment is born of discrimination. We call it "taste." To realize this is to realize that we are all designers, and that we must make, pattern every time we dress ourselves, equip an office, plan the simplest decorations."

OUR VIEWPOINT.

When we speak of "Art in the Home," we do not mean merely pictures alone; but rather with Dr. Haney, would we look up the subject from a very much broader viewpoint. As he suggests, art is a very common subject. We are called upon to deal with its problems every day of our lives. Shall we try together to solve them better than we are doing? Let us begin with the very simplest—the most fundamental phases of art.

SOME FUNDAMENTALS.

First of all, then: disorder and dirt. No home can be artistic and untidy at the same time. Order is heaven's first law; it is, moreover, a fundamental principle of art. A dirty home likewise lacks the first great essential in art. If we would have our homes beautiful, we must keep them clean

and in order. There are other reasons more vital than demands of beauty that make this imperative. Danger to health, loss of time, distress of feeling, and a hundred other vital reasons, should make us strive unceasingly to acquire habits of cleanliness and order in our lives, and our homes. If we solve these fundamental problems, the rest will be found comparatively simple and easy.

Dr. Haney suggests that lessons which lead to an appreciation of things beautiful must be taught early in life. We agree and further we say that our children are getting their lessons in art every day, whether we will or not. Silently but surely, a profound influence is being exercised over them which later in life will make them take dirt and slovenliness and ugliness as a matter of course, or which will inspire them to demand always that their person and their surroundings be clean and bright and beautiful.

DOES IT PAY?

There is a certain "slap dash" spirit in us Americans which reflects itself in our homes and our towns remarkably. Observant foreign visitors call us slovenly. Certain it is we do not pay that attention to appearances we might with profit pay. With profit, I repeat, from even the dollar standpoint. For every year we Americans are spending millions upon millions of dollars for the privilege of traveling to Europe to see cleanly kept cities and tidy villages artistically set among the vales and hills of the old world.

This clamor we are making to "See America First" would bring results much more quickly if we Americans would join in a mighty effort to make America more worth seeing. For rest assured we shall attract people to our states and our communities just so fast as we make them attractive. It is money in our pockets then, to make our cities more inviting. But far more than the mere money we might tempt

the stranger to bring to us is the joy. the refinement, the culture that constantly comes to us when the city and the home we live in is well-kept and beautiful.

OUR HOME TOWN FROM THE ART SIDE.

And what of our cities? Let us be candid with one another. Are not most of them badly lacking when it comes to neatness and beauty? What impression must the observant stranger get as he visits many of our communities, filled as they ofttimes are with ill-kept houses, rickety fences, and dirty corrals? What kind of advertising must be give such towns? How do our communities appear from the depot view point?—the only view that many visitors get.

It is gratifying to note that some of our wide awake railroad officials have already done much to work delightful changes here. Has it paid them to beautify the stations their routes with lawns and flowers to keep fresh and clean their buildings? Does it pay the city that is fortunate enough to have such a wellkept station? Listen to the approving remarks of the passengers as they ride by these places; then hear the flings that come when the station is dilapidated and untidy, and you will certainly agree that nothing can do more to give the stranger a bad impression of a town than a poorly-kept station.

As with the station, so with the streets and the public buildings. Oh, the tumble-down aspect of so many of them! Haven't you been pained beyond the telling, time and time again, to see our city halls, school houses, churches, theatres and other public places like great shacks on vacant and littered lots?—a standing shame to the community that tolerates them, in such a condition.

Men and brethren, can we not change these things? Parents' Classes, will you not become a real moving

force in your communities this spring? Can we not bring it about that the strangers who shall come to Zion in these latter days—and they are coming in multitudes even now—shall say, "We find her cities sweet and clean—her homes bright and beautiful—her peoeple pure and wholesome. It is a fit and seemly place wherein to dwell."

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

"Art in the Home"—we may appear to be swinging off our subject thus to deal with the beautifying of our public places and our cities in general. Yet, the city we live in is our home. Whether our individual homes shall be beautiful depends greatly upon the example set by the community as a whole in their public buildings.

On the other hand, too, the individual home may become a beacon light to better things for the whole community. We call to mind a man whose duties obliged him to change his residence from a certain well kept city to a rather slovenly village. Brought up among cultural surroundings his refined nature was deeply pained to find his neighbors on every side so shockingly careless of outward appearances. Sturdy oaks these neighbors were, and good as gold. He appreciated these sterling qualities, but he felt, too, how much more pleasing they might be and at the same time lose none of their native strength, if only their rough bark could be stripped off and they be hewn and polished into beautiful shafts. Did he preach about it? Not in words—no. He gave them an object lesson. He built a neat cottage, planted lawns and flowers, and beautiful trees; and throughout his many useful years that followed, he kept his home scrupulously neat and clean and beautiful. It was an inspiration to the whole community. Go into that town today and you will find the spirit of this home reflected in a hundred other neat and beautiful homes, as well as its public buildings.

From the seed thus sown, a civic pride has grown in that community that makes it now one of our most beautiful cities.

The worth of such a citizen in any community cannot be estimated. We are fortunate in having many such citizens scattered throughout our various towns and cities. The good example they are setting is being followed steadily.

AN ARTIST'S VIEWPOINT.

When it comes to art within the home, a thousand things might be said. We must limit our discussion to the guide lines.

"What," we inquired of one of our leading local artists, "would you suggest to parents, if requested to discuss art in the home?"

"Well," he said, taking time to focus his thoughts on the problem, "I hardly know, but about the first thing I would tell them is to quit cluttering up their rooms with furniture and bric-a-brac. I'm not certain, though, that they would act on this suggestion," he went on. "You recall, don't you, the story Dr. Haney told of the woman whose artist friend was making suggestions. 'No, John,' she stopped him, 'you must quit trying to make me artistic; you know I'm too fond of pretty things." That's the trouble with most of our women—they won't be satisfied till they have bedecked and be-fussed their homes with such a collection of trinkets and furniture as makes them resemble a second hand store or museum. homes need the Relief Society before they do the artist."

"Then merely spending money for pretty things won't make an artistic home," we suggested.

"No, indeed," 'he returned; "not if you spent a mint of it; some of our wealthy homes would give me nervous prostration, if I was forced to live for long in them. Their over-decoration and inharmonious colors are so positively distressing.

"Isn't it true," we inquired, "that people generally show lack of taste in the colors of their homes?

"Very true," was the response. It isn't to be expected that every eye shall have an artist's discernment, yet it seems to me that almost any eye would be shocked at the gaudy colors, the loud designs and the lack of blending in so many homes. Then people," he continued, "seem to know nothing or to think nothing either of the meaning of color. I call to mind a home where a bed room on the southwest. the warmest corner in the house, was papered in flaming red, while the living room on the north side—the room we want to be cosy—was in cool blue. Another point in this matter of color of importance is the light. We actually saved one-third of our electricity bill in a certain amusement hall by changing the color from a dark shade that absorbed the light, to one that reflects it.

"And what of the pictures," we asked further.

"Too many chromos and cheap daubs," was the reply. "Better have one really good picture than a house full of poor things. Of course the masterpieces are not possible in all homes."

"Would you advise reprints of the masterpieces, or artistic photographs?" was our next query.

"They are not a bad substitute," replied he. "Certainly they are a great deal better than the gaudy calendars with their impossible birds and flowers and nude women, that get place in so many homes."

"Preferably, also, to the cheap enlargements of the family?" we suggested.

"Indeed, yes," the artist replied.
"You know it worries me, this habit
people have of parading themselves
and their ancestors to such a disadvantage in their most public rooms.
I appreciate, too, the sentiment that
prompts the custom, but if we must
have their pictures, why not have them

in more sacred places. Some of them, moreover, are so positively untrue to life that one wonders how many pleasant memories can come at sight of them. They would haunt me.

"I ought to tone down these remarks," he added, mildly, "by saying that we are improving rapidly along these lines. Our homes in recent years show decidedly a more artistic spirit than they once did. This is not to say, though, that there is not still much room for improvement. I certainly hope your parents' classes will stir people to thinking along these lines. It is far more vital to their lives and the lives of their children than most people imagine—to have this love of things beautiful cultivated in their souls. Being an artist, I may be over sensitive, over enthusiastic on these points, but I do sincerely believe that to love the beautiful, is to love God. who must be passionately fond of beauty, else why is all His handwork so inspiring in its loveliness."

Lesson 1. Beautifying the Home Town.

Discuss these suggestions:

1. Why can no community afford to tolerate civic slovenliness? Discuss this from two view points.

2. What does your community most need to make it more attractive?

3. What of your streets, your public buildings, schools, churches, depots, etc., as a reflex of the civic pride of your city? What do they indicate?

4. What concerted move has ever been made in your town to make it more beautiful?

5. When showing strangers about your town, where do you take them?

6. What have you in the way of public parks, etc.? How is Arbor Day observed in your community?

7. What can the Parents' Class do to help beautify the home town?

Lesson 2. Making the Home Beautiful.

Order and Cleanliness.

1. Why is it the duty of every citizen to keep his house or other buildings cleanly and tidy? Discuss from three view points.

- a. The effect upon the owner himself.
- b. His children.
- c. The community.
- 2. In this matter of keeping our homes and surroundings neat and clean, which are most at fault, the man or the woman?
- 3. What would you suggest as the surest and best cure of carelessness of neighbors in these matters?
- 4. What would be the effect on your community of offering prizes for the best kept home?
- 5. Has a town "clean up day" been tried in your community? If so, with what results? If not, why not?

Would it be well to appoint a committee to co-operatie with the school or other authorities to bring about such a day?

Lesson 3. Making the Home Beautiful.

Decoration and Furnishings.

Discuss:

- 1. Beauty in simplicity.
- 2. "Pretty things" and art.
- 3. The color scheme of the home.
 - a. The meaning of colors.

- b. Blending of colors.
- c. Wall papers and paint.
- d. Rugs and hangings.
- e. Gandiness and taste.
- 4. Pictures.
 - a. Dangerous pictures.
 - b. Best pictures for the home.
 - c. Masterpieces—Copies of masterpieces.
 - d. Artistic arrangement of pic-
- 5. Discuss the decoration of public places, schools, churches, etc.

Suggestions:

Invite some artist or home decorator to help you in these discussions. Two Sundays at least should be given to this lesson.

Supervisors are advised that both volumes of Parent and Child may still be very helpful in their work. Keep in touch with these books constantly and use them whenever you can to reinforce your efforts. In considering the foregoing lessons, some very good supplemental material can be found in Vol. I, Lessons 10, 11 and 28, under the titles, 'Home Decoration and Furniture,' "Surroundings of the Home,' and "Order and System." Supervisors are advised to read the lessons and questions to be found there.

Theological Department.

Gco. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

Second Year.

April.

At Pathos, Paul met Elymas, the sorcerer. It might be well to discuss sorcery here. In the earliest time the growth of a class of persons with mysterious attributes and functions was known. While the gods were not worshiped by any special class, there was

in all countries found a man who had the special gift, and men resorted to him for needs lying outside of the scope of worship. Every savage nation contains a certain amount of magic, sorcery, divination, legerdemain, etc., by which it is thought possible to influence or to foretell outward events. Early man is not limited to his views of what may happen by any accurate

knowledge of nature's laws, or of the sequence of cause and event, and he imagines it possible to influence nature in various ways. He imitates what he supposes to be the causes of things, judging that the event will also follow; or he uses such powers as he may have over spirits, to induce or compel them to accomplish his wishes; or he manipulates objects he believes to have a hidden virtue, in a way he believes calculated to bring about the desired result. Sorcery is thus related both to the cult of spirits and to that of casual objects. Both to animism and to fetichism. There is generally a special person in a tribe who knows these things and is able to work them; it may be the chief or king. There are many instances in which the chief is believed to have power to bring rain; or it may be a separate functionary, such a medicine man, sorcerer, diviner, seer, magician, shaman or whatever name be given him. He has more power over spirits than other men have, and is able to make them do what he likes. He can heal sickness; he can foretell the future; he can change a thing to something else, or a man into a lower animal, or into a tree or into any thing. He can also assume such transformation himself, at will. He uses means to bring about such result. He knows about herbs; he has stones or other objects endowed with special virtues. He also has recourse to rubbing, to making images of affected parts of the body, and to various other parts. Very frequently he is regarded as inspired. It is the spirit dwelling in him which brings about the wonderful result; without the spirit, he could not do anything. While the details, of course, vary infinitely in different tribes, the figure of the worker of sorcery or magic is an essential feature of any general sketch of real religion. He is often a person of great political importance. Being supposed to be in closer alliance than anyone else with spiritual beings he has the power which is much

dreaded, and which even the chiefs cannot disregard. So, by the Bechuanas, missionaries are taken for another sort of rain makers; and among the Yorubas, an old farmer seeing a cloud will say to a missionary "Please let it rain for us." Rain being thus in these arid regions as in the East, synonymous with blessing, we find contests between rain doctors, or "Heavenherds" like that between Elijah and the priests of Baal. There are similar trials of strength and kindred penalties for failure. In Zulu land, at a time when "The heaven was hot and dry" a rain doctor Umkquaekana, says: "Let the people look at the heaven at such a time, it will rain," and when it rained the people said, "Truly he is a doctor." After that year, the heaven was hard and it did not rain. The people persecuted him exceedingly and poisoned him. We are constantly finding this same conception of the weather doctor, "A priest to whom is entrusted the power of prevailing mediation."

In the account of his captivity in Brazil, the older voyager, Hans Stade, says: "God did a wonder through me," and then shows how, at the request of two savages, he stopped a coming storm, which threatened to hinder their fishing.

The primitive belief in these matters is that the ghosts of the dead enter the body of the living. If the spirits are evil, much damage may be done through convulsive actions, insanity, disease and death. But there is another class of individuals that seems immune to evil spirits but are impelled by good spirits; these are the ones who seek to overcome the ones possessed of evil spirits, and this is the beginning thought of exorcism. The persons possessed of the good spirits through this method or enchantment, or magic, or sorcery or the hundred other names, are the ones whom the apostle Paul and other apostles frequently encountered in their travels.

Fourth Year. April.

What is the purpose of conferring the Holy Ghost upon the baptized believer? It is to lead him to all truth, to reveal unto him the will of God. This implies that the one who has accepted the ordinances of the Gospel is willing to yield to the will of the Father. In this Jesus set the example when He said, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." For any believer to assume this attitude is no interference with true freedom. It is a well recognized principle that freedom is attained only through obedience to law; the higher the law, the greater the degree of freedom. The will of God is the highest law in the universe.

Quite apart from the question of religion, every moral man must strive to live in harmony with the highest law known to him. It is only thus that he can realize moral freedom and the

higher life.

The conferring of the Holy Ghost upon believers, with the implication that the recipient will obey the promptings of the Spirit, is the Gospel method of realizing the highest life. It requires the most perfect loyalty to the greatest of all causes. It offers, therefore, the greatest opportunity for the development of the individual.

The points above enumerated should

be emphasized in teaching the first lesson outlined for April.

The same thought should be followed up in teaching the second and third lessons. The one who partakes of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. enters into a covenant to keep the Divine commandments with renewed promise of the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Man's nature is such that he needs often to be reminded of his covenants and obligations. Partaking of the sacrament on the Sabbath day is such a reminder. The nature of this ordinance is such as to vividly remind the partaker of the life and teachings of Christ, as well as His death. This life and these teachings are the greatest inspiration to the higher life known to mankind. This is admitted by thousands who do not even profess Christianity as a religion.

"Authority in the Ministry" implies that one who truly believes in Christ would not assume to act in His name without first being duly authorized; and, furthermore, one thus duly clothed with authority would not presume to act in Christ's name except under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. This precludes the exercise of tyrannical or arbitrary authority. Love is named first among the fruits of the Spirit. Even when rebuke is administered, it must be with the spirit of

love behind it.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Second Year. April.

[Prepared by Bertha Irvine, Liberty Stake.]

Lesson 46. The Great War.

Time—19th to 24th year of Judges. Place—Ammonihah, Noah, Lehi, Morianton. (Locate on map.)

The fortifications mentioned in this

lesson are of especial interest. Have drawings made by pupils who can do so from description given (5:1-4). Pictures of fortified cities, as given in histories of various battles, would be interesting, with which we could compare the fortifications caused to be erected by Moroni.

The tribute paid to Moroni by Mormon (48:11, 12, 13, 17) should be

memorized by the class. From incidents we have already had in our lessons, justify this opinion. Bring out the point clearly that faith in God makes a great character in any calling in life.

New characters are introduced into this lesson, three of whom, Teancum, Pahoran and Helaman, we shall frequently meet with again. Draw attention to them and the characteristics already shown by them.

Lesson 47. The War Continued.

Text—Alma 51-55. Story of Book of Mormon, chaps. 31 and 32.

Time—From 25th to 29th year of reign of Judges.

Many places are spoken of in this lesson, most of which have been mentioned before. Each one should be located anew on the map, or as near as may be. In this way we might mark the advance of the Lamanites into the land of the Nephites.

Make plain the position in which the Nephites would have been placed had the Lamanites accomplished their design of taking possession of the land northward. What is meant by the land northward?

The internal dissension among the Nephites gave the Lamanites their great advantage. Moroni and his armies were engaged quelling the uprising in the land of Zarahemla.

The strategy by which the city of Mulek was taken by the Nephites (52: 20-40), is a very interesting incident of the war. Have one of the pupils carefully read the account and then make a diagram of the marches of the different armies.

Note the wisdom of Moroni in dealing with the Lamanite prisoners (53: 1-5). A talk on prisoners of war would be instructive.

Discuss the different points in the letters that passed between Moroni and Ammoron (chapter 54).

The weakness of the Lamanites for

wine lost them the city of Gid. What other incident in the Book of Mormon does this recall? The city of Gid was taken without shedding blood.

The faith of the Nephites gave them power in their battles, and kept them from falling into the snares of the enemy (55:31-32).

Lesson 48. Helaman's Army of 2,000 Young Men.

Text—Alma 53:10-22; 56 to 58 chaps.; Story of the Book of Mormon, chapter 33.

Place—Judea, Antiparah, Cumeni,

Time—26th to 29th year of Judges.

Review Helaman's labors heretofore in the Church. What position did he now hold in the Church? (See Alma 46:6). His strong faith (Alma 45:2-8)—the sacred records in his charge.

Recall the oath of the Ammonites (Alma 24:17-10). Did they do anything to assist in the war? (See Alma 27 :24 ; 43 :13).

The following outline is suggested for this lesson:

The two thousands sons—their character (Alma 53:20-21; 57:21; 58:40) —their faith, by whom taught, how Helaman became their leader.

The capture of Antiparah—the wonderful march of the three armies—the council of Helaman and his soldiers have answer of young Ammonites memorized (56:46)—the battle and its results-miraculous deliverance of the 2.000.

Capture of Cumeni—dangerous circumstances of the Nephites—part

played by Helaman's sons.

Capture of Manti-have diagram made of the position of the three divisions of the Nephite army, of the march of the Lamanite army and the counter-march of the Nephites-the stronghold taken without loss of life. Draw attention to the preparation made by Helaman and his armies before this campaign (58:10-12).

The preservation of the lives of Helaman's army is the strong point of the lesson and brings the aim out clearly. Note Helaman's own words (Alma 56:56; 57:25).

NOTES.

Cumeni.—A Nephite city in the southwest of their possessions, near the Pacific Coast.

Antiparah.—A Nephite city on the southwest border, not far from the Pacific Ocean. In after years it undoubtedly again fell into the hands of the Lamanites.

Judea.—One of the southwestern cities of the Nephites, perhaps further inland than the two above named, and nearer to the city of Manti.

Fourth Year.

April.

[By Elmer E. V. Howell, of Salt Lake Stake.]

Lesson 46. The Call of Elisha.

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE

More than three quarters of a century had already passed since the revolt of the Ten Tribes against the House of David. Judah on the south and Israel on the north were paying the penalty of their misdeeds and idolatrous practices; for the Lord, desiring to punish them, had caused the surrounding countries to make war upon them, and finally, for mutual protection, eausing them to form an alliance with each other. Among the many prominent characters of the period perhaps no one had attracted so much attention to himself or influenced his fellow-countrymen more than had the prophet Elijah. Of a wandering nature this rugged and fearless man from Gilead had become known by rich and poor alike, from one end of the country to the other.

Although the principles he so valiantly advocated didn't gain immediate recognition with court and people, he did succeed in impressing them indelibly upon the minds of certain of his followers, chief among whom was Elisha.

The latter, at first but a disciple and servant of Elijah's, was from the town of Abel-meholah, situated on the southern side of the plain of Bethshean, not far from the Jordan. His home therefore was in the midst of a rich agricultural district, and his father Shaphat was one of the wealthy farmers of Israel.

A more striking contrast could scarcely be imagined than existed between the prophet and his disciple. The one represented the uncompromising life and religion of the nomad, while the other, a man of the rich agricultural class, was acquainted with the refinement and customs of city and court. With the name of Elijah was associated the drought, the thunder-roll and the lightning flash—wonders within the realm of nature. Elisha, on the other hand, was always found among men, healing their maladies, cleansing their fountains. The one used denunciations to accomplish his ends, the other diplomacy.

The call of Elisha to the prophetic office was unprecedented, he being according to the Biblical record, the only prophet who was summoned to that high calling by another, being anointed under the hand of no other than Elijah himself.

The account of his call, and the references to his servant Gehazi, suggest that the older prophets gathered about themselves young men who attended them, and as an inevitable result of association on such terms, absorbed much of their spirit and teaching. Thus were the numerous guilds or prophetic classes formed, the members of which not through lineal discent, but according to custom, were known as "Sons of the Prophets."

Even before he had commenced his prophetic ministry, we find these "Sons of the Prophets" coming to him, recognizing his authority and importuning him to send searchers for the departed Elijah. Later we find him leading that same class of men to the Jordan,

assisting them in their building operations, helping in adversity, standing toward them in the relation of patron, and receiving from them in turn the support by means of which the worshipers of Baal were finally overthrown.

Review I Kings 19:19-21; Kings 2:1-13.

Text—II Kings 2:14-18; 3:5-20.

Notes—

Time—approximately middle of

ninth century B. C.

Place—Abel-me-ho-lah. Situated near the Jordan in the tribe of Is-sa-char in the interior of Israel. Have class locate on maps.

- c. Call of Elisha, I Kings 19:19-21. Notice, (1) Elijah's manner of calling him: (2) that he was called as a servant to minister unto Elijah; (3) his occupation at time of call.
- His love for Elijah, II Kings 2: 1-6.
- His power acknowledged by the "sons of the prophets," II Kings 2:15-16.
- Emphasize, three kings visit him, f. 3:11-12. Note his words, 3: 13-14. He totally ignores the idolatrous kings.
- Miraculous supply of water, 3: 16-20.
- The word Elisha means "God my salvation."

Aim—By reviewing the events of lessons 44 and 45 in connection with this lesson show that Elisha had been called to continue the work commenced by Elijah against Baalism.

Lesson 47. Elisha Magnifies God Through the Healing of Naaman.

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

The prophet's fame was spreading. This one-time plowboy was beginning to be recognized as a power in the His acquaintance with court etiquette and people in general together with his diplomatic nature now

stood him in good stead for his work now was with kings and rulers. His ministry henceforth was to be such as would affect Israel from one end to the other. Already had the kings of Judah, Israel and Edom turned to him for advice and aid in their struggle for protection against the Moabites. Fearing the anger of neither, he had administered a stinging rebuke to the latter two for their evil and idolatrous ways; but out of respect of Jehoshaphat, the righteous king of Judah, he had, however, finally acceded to their wishes and given them the desired help.

Later we hear of his fame having been carried into Syria, and of Naaman, captain of the Syrian king's host, being sent to him to be cured of his leprosy. Elisha, seeing in this man a means to the furtherance of God's work and his fight against Baalism, cured him, thereby teaching the people those lessons they so much needed if he would accomplish the purpose of his ministry.

His words—latter part of verse eight, the servant's words, verse thirteen-and his indignation against his own servant Gehazi and punishment of him for his covetousness, show only too plainly how necessary to the people were those lessons on obedience, and acknowledgment of God's power which he taught them.

With these lessons learned, the people were better prepared for what was soon to follow. The climax of his ministry was fast approaching. Baalism was doomed.

Review important parts of lesson 46. Text—II Kings 5.

Naaman, the Leper.

Notes-

a. Place—At Gilgal, Western Samaria. (Teacher should have Elisha's wanderings pointed out on the map.)

Ъ. Notice how his fame was car-

ried into Syria, 5:2-5.

- c. The king of Israel's fear, and what it shows us of the political conditions of that period, 5:6-7.
 - d. Emphasize "He shall know that there is a prophet in Israel," 5:8.
- e. Note Naaman's anger and his servant's advice. Enlarge upon the beautiful lesson their words teach us, 5:12-13.

Aim—Elisha's refusal to receive compensation from Naaman—verse 16—and the severe punishment he inflicted upon Gehazi for his covetousness—verses 20-27—show us how well and jealousy he, in his fighting against Baalism, guarded the power of God which he held, and attributed the honor of his miracles to Him from Whom the power came. Connect this last with his words in verse 8.

Lesson 48. God Delivers Elisha from the Syrian Army and He Overthrows Completely the Worship of Baal.

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

For more than a decade after the death of Ahab his family continued undisturbed on the throne of Israel. The author of Kings declares that Ioram made a movement toward reform by "putting away the pillar of Baal which his father had made," but there was no essential change in the religious policy of the nation. Baalism was still openly tolerated and Iezebel exercised her old influence. Meantime, the resentment of the people, kindled by the injustice against Naboth, and the zeal of the prophets, jealous for Jehovah, increased until it was ready to burst into a fierce flame, Elisha was the one who applied the

On a certain day, about 842 B. C., when the Israelitish army was carrying on the war with the Arameans, intrenched at Ramoth-Gilead, he called one of the sons of the prophets, and despatched him on a secret mission to

the army. Joram, the king, had returned to Tezreel wounded, and so the messenger on his arrival was ushered into the presence of the captains of the Disregarding the rest, he addressed himself directly to one of them. a certain Jehu, saying, "I have an errand to thee, O captain." As soon as the two were alone, the prophetic messenger, in accordance with Elisha's command, poured the oil with which he was provided, on Jehu's head, declaring that Jehovah had anointed him king over Israel. Immediately thereafter he fled. The spirit of rebellion was in the air, and the act was so full of significance that when Jehu rejoined his fellow officers they inquired at once the reason of the strange visit of this fanatic. At first he attempted to turn them off, but they refused to be deceived. Then in his blunt fashion, Iehu announced that he had been anointed king. The details of the narrative suggest that this was only the launching of a conspiracy previously arranged. Conditions certainly were Stripping off their outer garments, his fellow officers cast them down upon the steps beneath Jehu's feet, and with trumpet blast proclaimed him king.

Elisha made no mistake in the choice of a man to overthrow the house of Omri. Energy and craftiness were in him, combined with a certain recklessness which has found popular expression in the saying, "He drives like Jehu." Impetuous, fearless, regardless of life, he was fitted alike to lead a cavalry charge or a dangerous revolution. He had also listened to Elijah as he pronounced the awful curse upon the house of Ahab, so that he regarded the reigning family as doomed, and himself as a messenger, sent by Jehovah to execute her judgment.

The account of the revolution and complete overthrow of the house of Omri and Baalism together, (chapters 9 and 10) should be briefly related by the teacher,

By this revolution the house of Omri was completely exterminated, and the danger that Baalism would gradually supplant the worship of Jehovah forever averted, but at a terrible cost. The blood so ruthlessly shed weakened Israel to such an extent that for the next half century it was forced to maintain an almost hopeless struggle for existence. Amos and Hosea, looking back from the vantage-point of the next century, condemned this revolution, declaring in the name of Jehovah, "I will visit the blood of Jezreel upon the house of Jehu." (Hosea 1:4; Amos 7:9.) At the same time this great prophetic revolution established a principle, enunciated in the earlier days and potent at the division of the Hebrew empire, which determined to a great extent the character of the history of Judah as well as Israel. It was that for which Elijah and Elisha contended: "If Jehovah be God, follow Practically interpreted, this meant that under no conditions should the god of a foreign nation be recognized within the land of Jehovah, hence alliances between Israel and other peoples were forever impossible. Thus at this time was virtually instituted that separation so complete iealously guarded by propliets, and later by priests, which made the Hebrews a holy (in its original sense of "separate") nation, and which appears even today in the sharp line of demarcation drawn between the Jew and the Gentile.

Review main points of last lesson. Text—II Kings 6:8-23; 9:1-7.

Notes-

- 1. Syrian host struck blind.
- 2. Anointing of Jehu who as an instrument in God's hand, completes the overthrow of the priests of Baal.
- a. Place—Dothan and Ramoth-Gilead. (Use maps to locate these places.)

Four points should be emphasized in the first part of this lesson, namely:

- Elisha is accused by the Syrians, 6:12.
- b. A great host is sent to Dothan to take him to the Syrian king, verse 14.
- c. By the power of God the Syrian host is struck blind, and then captured, 6:18-20.
- d. The kindness shown them by Elisha, verses 21-23. Enlarge upon the fine traits of his character which this shows us.

In the anointing of Jehu three points of interest are contained:

- a. The anointing, 9:1-5.
- b. Jehu to become king over Israel, verse 6.
- c. House of Ahab to be smitten, verse 7.

Aim—Elisha crowns his life's work with the complete overthrow of Baalism.

Give The Best You Have

Give to the world the best you have And the best will come back to you. Give love, and love to your life will flow,

A strength in your utmost need; Have faith, and a score of hearts will show

Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,

And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find

A smile that is just as sweet,

-Madeline S. Bridges.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Second Year Work.

(By George M. Cannon.)

Lesson 10. Joseph in Egypt, Continued. (For Second Sunday in April.)

Text-Gen. 40-41.

The story of Joseph from the time that he left his father's house until his death is full of evidence of the blessing and favor of our Heavenly Father. This arose from two facts. First, Joseph is one of the most lovable characters described in the Bible, and was continually showing by his actions his love for those around him. And secondly, wherever he was, he remembered the teachings of his parents and the commandments of God and refused to depart from those teachings. seems also to have been always active in looking after the welfare of others, and vet he had the utmost confidence in the promises of the Lord, and in his own final triumph over difficulties. When cast into prison because of the false accusations of Potiphar's wife, he found favor with the keeper of the prison. So much so that the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all of the prisoners that were in the prison, and the Bible tells us that "The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper."

We need not here go into the details of the imprisonment of the butler and the baker of the king of Egypt. This is told in such plain and simple language in the Bible itself that the reference to the text above (Gen. 40-11) is sufficient.

Lesson 11. The Reunion.
(For third Sunday in April.)

Text—Gen. 42-47.
As in the preceding chapters the

language of the Bible itself is so simple that nearly every child might understand it. The children can read the story at home in the chapters given (42-47).

One of the lessons which the story teaches is the effect that envy had had upon the brothers of Joseph. Because of the dreams he had related to them and because of his father's plainly shown favor for Joseph, the other brothers were filled with envy and did not hesitate to threaten the life of their brother and finally to sell him to strangers traveling to a strange land. In the years which had passed since that time, they had had ample time in which to repent of their deed; and the sorrow which their father exhibited at the loss of his favorite son had touched all of their hearts with pity. Perhaps one of the purposes Joseph had when he finally claimed Benjamin according to the promise which they had made. was to see whether they would still be willing to sacrifice a brother as long as they themselves remained free from harm. But he found that they were entirely different now, and Judah's plea for the younger brother, and his manly offer to remain in his stead might well touch the heart of Joseph. Through it all Joseph himself had only love in his heart for his brothers, and did all he could to bless them and their father's household, and did not seek to fill them with remorse for that which they had done. When he finally made himself known to them. and when he asked all of his servants to leave him alone with these men, this is clearly shown. See chapter 45 of Genesis, verses 4 to 13 inc.

"And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near unto me I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother whom ye sold into Egypt.

Egypt.
"Now therefore be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me

hither, for God did send me before you

to preserve life;
"For these two years hath the famine been in the land; and yet there are five years in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest.

"And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance.

"So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God, and he has made me a father to Pharaoh and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land

of Egypt.

"Haste ye and go up to my father and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt, come down unto me, tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou and thy children, and thy children's children and thy flocks and thy herds and all that thou hast. And there will I nourish thee for yet there are five years of famine, lest thou and thy household and all that thou hast come to poverty. And behold your eyes see and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you."

Lesson 12. Childhood of Moses.

(For fourth Sunday in April.)

Text—Ex. 1:1-14; 2:1-10.

This lesson is intended to be outlined by the local Sunday School teachers under the direction of the Stake Supervisor.

Fourth Year. For April.

[By Sylvester D. Bradford.]

Lesson 10. Paul at Thessalonica, Berea, and Athens.

As Greece lay nearer than Rome to the shore of Asia, its conquest for Christ was the great achievement of this second missionary journey. Like the rest of the world, it was at that time under the sway of Rome, and the Romans had divided it into two provinces-Macedonia in the North and Achaia in the South. Macedonia was therefore the first scene of Paul's Greek mission. It was traversed from East to West by a Great Roman road, along which the missionary moved and the places where we have accounts of his labors are Phillipi, Thessalonica, and Berea. Stalker, "Life of Paul," page 92.

When leaving Macedonia Paul proceeded south into Achaia, he entered the real Greece—the paradise of genius and renown. The memorials of the country's greatness rose around him on his journey. As he quitted Berea he could see behind him the snowy peaks of Mt. Olympus, where the deities of Greece had been supposed to dwell. * * His destination was Athens the capital of the country. As he entered the city he could not be insensible to the great memories that clung to its streets and monuments. Here the human mind blazed forth with the splendor it has never exhibited elsewhere. In the golden age of its history Athens possessed more men of the very highest genius than have ever lived in any other city. To this day their names invest hers with glory. Yet even in Paul's day, the living Athens was a thing of the past. Four hundred years had lapsed since its golden age. In the course of these centuries it had experienced a sad decline. Philosophy had degenerated into sophistry, art into dilettanteism, oratory into rhetoric, poetry into verse making. It was a city living on its past. Yet it still had a great name and was full of culture and learning of a kind.

He quitted Athens and never returned to it. Nowhere else had he so completely failed. He had been accustomed to endure the most violent persecutions and to rally from it with a light heart. But there is something worse than persecution to a fiery faith like his, and he had to encounter it here: his message roused neither interest nor opposition. The Athenians never thought of persecuting him; they simply did not care what the babbler said; and this cold disdain cut him more deeply than the stones of the mob or the lictor's rods. Never perhaps was he so much depressed.

Lesson 11. Paul at Corinth.

When Paul left Athens he moved on to Corinth, the other great city of Achaia; and he tells us himself that he arrives there in weakness and in

fear and in much trembling. There was at Corinth enough of the spirit of Athens to prevent the feelings from being easily assuaged. Corinth was to Athens very much what Glasgow is to Edinburgh. The one was the commercial, the other the intellectual capital of the country. Paul dreaded the same kind of reception as he had met with in Athens. Could it he that these were people for whom the gospel had no message? * * * There were other elements of discouragement in Corinth. It was the Paris of ancient times—a city rich and luxurious, wholly abandoned to sensuality. Vice displayed itself without shame in forms which struck deadly despair into Paul's pure Jewish mind. Could men be rescued from the grasp of such monstrous vices? Besides the opposition of the Jews rose here to unusual virulence. He was compelled at length to depart from the synagogues and did so with expressions of strong feelings. Was the soldier of Christ going to be driven off the field and forced to confess that the gospel was not suited for cultured Greece? It looked like it. But the tide turned. At the critical moment Paul was visited with one of those visions which were wont to be vouchsafed to him at the most trying and decisive crises of his history. The Lord appeared to him in the night, saying, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city. The Apostle took courage again, and the causes for discouragement began to clear away. * * * He remained a year and a half in the city and founded one of the most interesting of his Churches, thus planting the standard of the cross in Achaia also and proving that the Gospel was the power of God unto salvation even in the head-quarters of the world's wisdom.—Stalker, "Life of Christ," pages 96-99.

Lesson 12. Paul's Third Missionary Journey

Text—Acts 18:18-28; 19:1-21.

- I. His Return from the Second Mission.
 - Leaves Aquila and Priscilla at Ephesus.
 (This was a large seaport of great importance.)
 - 2. Paul goes to Jerusalem to the feast.
 - 3. Apollos at Ephesus.
 - (a) Preaching haptism with great results.
 - (b) Aquila and Priscilla are able to teach Apollos many things. (Why?)
 - 4. Apollos goes to Achaia.

(We give attention here to Apollos because there is little doubt that his work in Ephesus paved the way for the very interesting experience had by Paul when he returned from Jerusalem.)

- II. Holy Ghost Conferred upon Disciples at Ephesus.
 - 1. People who claimed to be disciples. (Why?)
 - 2. Paul's test to see whether baptism had been by one holding authority. (What was the test?)
 - Were they sincere at the time of this baptism? What do you think as to the sincerity of the one who baptized them? Granting that both were sincere, would that sincerity make the ordinance effective? Give reasons.
 - From the fact that Paul haptized them over again, what must have been his views on the matter?
 - The Latter-day Saints declare that no baptism is valid unless the one officiating has the authority. Many other religious people claim that if the people are sincere and the minister is sincere, and a good man, that his baptism will be valid and accepted by the Lord.
 - Which stand must we take in view of this incident in Paul's mission in Ephesus?

- 3. The people baptized.
- 4. The Holy Ghost conferred.

Paul continued in Ephesus and vicinity possibly three years, and taught many people and did many great miracles, but the account of the work is very brief indeed. Acts 19:7-11.

- III. Seven Sons of Sceva.
 - 1. Vagabond Jews with no authority.

- 2. What they attempted.
- 3. Reply of the evil spirits.
- 4. The result of the attempt to act in the name of the Lord.
- 5. Effect upon the people of the neighborhood.

Suggestive Truth—"Men must be called of God to administer in the ordinances of the gospel."

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.

April.

Lesson 10. The Sermon on the Mount.

Text—Matt. 5 and 6; Luke 6:12-19. Weed's "Life of Christ for the Young," 25, 26, 46.

- 1. Jesus on the Mountain.
 - 1. Night of prayer.
- 2. Choosing twelve apostles.
- II. The Multitude.
 - 1. Gathering.
 - 2. Healing.
- III. His Teachings.
 - 1. The pure in heart.
 - 2. The Lord's Prayer.

Aim—Our Heavenly Father hears and answers sincere prayer.

Memorize "The Lord's Prayer."

I. "And it came to pass that Jesus went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God."

Mount Hattin is the only mountain of any size on the western side of the Sea of Galilee. It has two peaks with a little plain between. It was probably here that Jesus spent the night in prayer.

"And when it was day, He called unto Him, His disciples; and of them He chose twelve, whom also He named Apostles.." Give the name of those whom the children will hear of in later lessons. He solemnly set them apart and blessed them, and gave them au-

thority to preach and to perform miracles in His name. The twelve apostles were chosen "that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach."

Who is at the head of our Church upon earth? Who come next in authority to the presidency?

- II. Describe the gathering of the multitude, the sick among them, Jesus going among them, the healing. But Jesus had something better to give them even than this. He could read their hearts and He knew they needed to be taught how to live so that they might please their Heavenly Father.
- III. From the mountain side He began to teach the people. Draw a vivid mind picture of this scene.

His discourse has been called "The Sermon on the Mount," and it was so wonderful a sermon that if we could only obey the teachings given in it, we would become like unto Him.

He began His teaching by telling them who would receive the blessings of our Heavenly Father. Repeat one or two of the "Beatitudes" to the class. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Have the children tell what "pure in heart" means.

He taught them to be humble, merciful, and just. He taught them not to get angry, and not to speak evil of one another. He taught them to repent of

their sin, to love God and pray to Him, and to love each other.

He taught them not only to pray, but He taught them how to pray. If our hearts are pure our prayers will be acceptable to Him. If the children know "The Lord's Prayer," have them bow their heads and repeat it solemnly; if not, the teacher may repeat it. Then taking it up verse by verse get the children to give the meaning.

Bring out the thought that it is not the words we use but the feelings of our hearts, our earnestness, our sincerity, our faith that counts; also that He knows what is best for us, and often our prayers are not answered because we ask for things which would not be for our good.

Pictures-Hofmann: "The Sermon on the Mount;" Dore: "Hallowed Be Thy Name."

Lesson 11. Christ and the RichYoung Man

Text-Matt. 19:16-30; Mark 10:17-31: Luke 18:18-30.

Picture-Hofmann: "Christ and the Rich Young Man."

- I. The Young man.
 - I. Wealth and position.
 - 2. Believed himself good.
 - 3. Goes to Jesus.
- 4. His inquiry. II. The Savior's Teachings.
 - 1. "Keep the Commandments."
 - 2. The young man's reply.
 - 3. "Sell that thou hast," etc.
 - 4. Effect upon the young man.

Aim—Love for the Gospel; not for worldly things, brings eternal life.

Memorize Matt. 19:21.

1. Describe the young man—his wealth—a ruler among the people had lived a good life—his desire to do still more. One day when Jesus was walking with His disciples this rich young man, dressed in beautiful clothes, sought Jesus. He came to Him and kneeling at His feet said unto

Him, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" Explain "eternal life."

II. Give the conversation contained in Matt. 19:20; Mark 10:21,22,

Why did he turn away sorrowing?

Bring out the thought that it was not because he was rich, but because he set too great store by his riches. He loved his great possession more than he loved the Gospel.

Lesson 12. The Blind Man.

Text-John 9. Weed—Chapter 44.

- 1. Jesus in the Temple.
 - 1. His teachings.
 - 2. They took up stones to cast at Him.
- II. The Blind Man.
 - His sad life.
 - Seen by Jesus and His Apostles.
- The Miracle. III.
 - 1. Jesus' action.
 - The man's obedience.
 - 3. The healing.
- Before the Pharisees. IV.
 - 1. The people's surprise.
 - 2. Man taken to synagogue.
 - Cast out.
- V. Divinity of Jesus.
 - I. Jesus finds the man.
 - The conversation.

Aim—Love for the Gospel, not for have faith in Him.

 On the Sabbath Day Jesus was in the court of the Temple teaching the people. He said unto them, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." The Jewish teachers were displeased with Jesus for saying this, and when He told them that He came from God, the Father, and said, "If a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death, they "took up stones to cast at Him; but Jesus hid Himself, and went out of the Temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by."

II. Sitting near the gate of the Temple by the roadside, sat a blind man. Describe the pitiable condition of one blind from birth that the contrast may be brought out later. As Jesus and His disciples left the Temple He saw this man sitting by the way and He looked with pity upon him.

III. As they neared the man the disciples questioned Jesus about his blindness. The kind words of Jesus must have made the heart of the blind man rejoice. He had no doubt heard of the Savior and the many miracles which He had performed. As he turned his sightless eyes toward Jesus, his faith must have shown in his face, for Jesus took some clay from the ground, "and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay."

"And said unto him, go, wash in the

pool of Siloam."

With never a doubt as to the outcome, the man hastened as fast as his helpless condition would permit. Picture him, hurrying along to the pool outside of the city gates, feeling his way with his staff, and followed by a crowd, some of whom mocked.

Then dwell upon the joy that was his, when after obeying Jesus' command, his eyes were open to the beauties of the world. Now he was as other men; he could work and support himself; he would no longer have to sit by the wayside and beg from those who

passed by. His heart was full of gratitude.

IV. Tell of the wonder of the peopie, of his being taken to the synagogue before the Pharisees, their questions, his answers, his being cast out because he said that Jesus was of God.

V. Give the substance of verses

35**-38.**

Suggestive Fast-day Lesson for May.

Subject—Prayer.

Aim—God hears and answers our

prayers today.

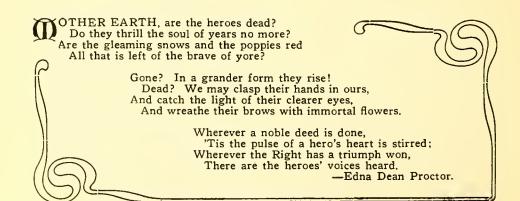
On the preceding Sunday tell the pupils that the lesson will be on prayer, and ask each one to be prepared to tell how his prayers have been answered, or if he can not tell how his own prayers were answered, get him to ask his mother's and father's help, and relate their experience.

Review Lessons 10 and 12.

Jesus healed because He had power over disease, power over death, but He healed only those who had faith in Him. He often said, "According to your faith so be it unto you." So today when we pray to our Heavenly Father we must have faith in Him, we must feel sure that He will hear and answer our prayers.

Relate an incident showing answer to prayer, then get the pupils to relate

other incidents.



Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, chairman, assisted by Beulah Woolley and Elmina Taylor.

OUTLINES FOR APRIL.

1—Picture Day.

Aim: Review and impress those of March. 2—The Resurrection of Christ. Text: Matt. 28.

Aim: 'There is no death: what seems so is transition."

3—The Good Shepherd. Text: Luke 15:3-7.

Aim: Our Savior, the Good Shepherd, loves and cares for His sheep.

4—The Prodigal Son. Text: Luke 15:11-32.

Aim: Our Heavenly Father loves all His children.

OUTLINES FOR MAY.

1—Journey in the Wilderness. Text: I Nephi, chapters 2-18.

Aim: Compliance with God's will brings divine assistance.

2—The Liahona. Text: I Nephi 16:9-10; 26-32. Reference I Nephi 18: 12, 21, 22.

Aim: The same.

3—The Breaking of the Bow. Text: I Nephi 16:18-21; 23-26; 30-32.

Aim: The same.

4—The Building of the Ship. Text: I Nephi 17:5-9; 18:1-4. Aim: The same.

Frequent requests are made for the most serviceable books of reference for Sunday School Kindergarten teachers and our committee feel safe in recommending the following:

"Kindergarten Plan Book"—Deseret S. S. Union Book Store. "Tell Me a True Story," Mary Stewart—Revell Co., Chicago.

"One Year of Sunday School Lessons for Young Children," Florence U. Palmer—Macmillan Co., New York.

"How To Tell Stories To Children," S. C. Bryant—Houghton-Mufflin Co. All of these may be obtained either from or through the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

[The lessons for this issue have been prepared and tested out in class by Sister Hermese Peterson, Kindergarten supervisor of Utah Stake.]

Songs.

"The Seeds and Flowers are Sleeping Sound"—Patty Hill.

"At Easter Time"—Walker and

Jenks.

"Awake! Said the Sunshine."

"Waiting to Grow"—Kindergarten Plan Book.

"Easter Song"—Gaynor.
"The Butterfly"—Gaynor.

"Butterflies"—Burleson's Marching Plays.

"The Caterpillar"—Hubbard.

"The Great Brown House," "The Rain," "Easter Song"—E. Smith's Songs, No. 1.

Stories.

"Miss Lily Bulb"—Kindergarten Plan Book,

"A Lesson of Faith"—Child World.

"Butterflies' Story"-Burt.

"Easter Lily"—Bigham, in Mother Goose Village,

"Herr Oster Haas," Flanagan— Plan Book. Pictures.

815. "He is Risen"—Flockhurst. 571 D. "Holy Women at the Tomb"—Bonguercau.

810. "The Good Shepherd"—Plockhurst.

1100. "The Prodigal Son"—Molitor. [All published by Perry Co., Boston, Mass. For sale by D. S. S. U. Book Store.]

Nature Work.

With the story of the resurrection—the true Easter story—comes the returning to life of all things in nature, the awakening of nature from her long winter's sleep.

Place before the children things which are apparently dead and let them watch the growth. With the little children it will be found more satisfactory simply to guide them in their observations. Use bulbs (crocus, lily or even onion will do) and seeds. Caterpillar cocoons are ever a source of wonderment. Buds are also used to advantage.

Where practical, take the children out for a little "Easter excursion" on Saturday afternoon. It may be to a nearby park, a meadow or a hill side. Have egg-rolling contests, egg hunts, etc. Sing the little songs they have learned and encourage bright eyes to look for things just waking up.

This trip will serve a three-fold purpose—give the children pleasure, do away with Sabbath excursions and be a preparation for the Sunday's lesson.

"All nature is fresh and new. Very often we look at things and call them dry and dead, because we do not understand them.

"After the bean is dry and has fallen from its pod, it appears to be a dead thing; but surround it by the proper conditions, and the life within it will soon assert itself. The bare trees will soon be changed. How? All nature seems to be "casting off the old, putting forth the new."

It is often a question how to bring so great and wonderful truth as that symbolized by the Easter time to the understanding of the little ones. * * It is unwise to bring little children into unnecessary contact with death and all related to it, or to dwell on the thought of it in its sadness; yet there are few little ones who do not know something of "the going away" of the grandpa, the little brother or sister, or some loved one, and who have not felt the strangeness of sudden loss.

So in the earliest day they need a realization of the after life which may grow with them, and give courage and strength in after years.

"Our bodies are but the houses in which our spirits live. Some day we shall not want these houses any more as they are now, but they will be made new for us.

"The egg is the symbol of the tomb, and as the chick comes forth from the shell so shall the dead come forth from the grave."—Kindergarten Plan Book.

A Seed.

A wonderful thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless forever:
Forever old and forever new,
Forever faithful and utterly true,
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate and hate to life will spring;
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

Game or Rest Exercise.

This cycle of life, death and then life again, may be beautifully expressed in the following song game:

Three children are selected to represent chosen flowers, say a lily, a rose and a pansy. Three more children are caterpillars. The rest of the children in the group sing one of their autumn songs during which the caterpillars and flowers become drowsy, and finally fall asleep. Then the children usher in winter with one of their snow songs.

and they may sing a Christmas or Jack Frost song, the sleepers remaining undisturbed until the group strikes up a spring or a rain song. Then the flowers come up, one by one, and the caterpillars emerge as beautiful butterflies which flit from one flower to another, sipping the honey, and then fly away.

FIRST SUNDAY-PICTURE DAY.

For one picture Sunday, one of our teachers sent to the Perry Company for a large size sepia print of Jesus and the Doctors, and thirty penny pictures of the same subject. The large picture was enjoyed in the class and then added to the group which decorated one side of the room. The penny pictures were given to the children with the injunction, "Tell the story to mamma." The children are now the possessors of several of these little prints of which they are very proud.

The pictures kept in the room serve as a basis for reviews.

Sometimes the child chooses the picture whose story he wishes to tell. Other times the child tells the story and the rest of the children hunt for the corresponding picture. Again, a child or teacher makes a blackboard or paper drawing and the rest guess which story it is.

SECOND SUNDAY—THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Do you remember the name of the little baby who was born on that first glad Christmas day? When He grew to be a man He taught people how to live right and love God and each other.

The good people who knew Jesus loved Him, but there were some wicked ones who were very angry at Him because He told them they were doing wrong.

They tried to hurt Him every way they could and finally they crucified Him. Then the people who loved Jesus felt very, very badly, for they thought they would never see Him again. They took His body and wrapped it in linen, and then placed it in a tomb or cave in a beautiful garden. A great rock was placed in front of the cave and soldiers stood there to see that no one took His body away. These soldiers guarded the tomb day and night, some sleeping and resting, while others watched.

The second night they were still watching when, just as it was beginning to get light, there came a beautiful angel and rolled the stone away,

and Jesus came out.

In the early morning, some friends of Jesus came to visit the tomb. As they walked they talked in low, sad voices. "Jesus is dead, we shall never see Him again," they thought, and their hearts were filled with grief.

But when they came to the grave they were frightened, for the great rock was rolled away and the cave was empty. Then they saw an angel, who said: "Be not afraid, ye seek Jesus. He is not here for He is risen. Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen." With joy in their hearts these women hurried back to tell the disciples that the Lord was alive.

Mary, another friend of Jesus, came weeping to the tomb. She had loved Jesus with all her heart, for He had helped her to be good, and now He was gone forever! When she saw the stone was rolled away from the cave she stooped down and looked in. She hardly noticed that two angels were sitting there when one of them said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" And she answered, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him."

As she turned away she saw a man standing near, and she thought it was the gardener. He asked her the same question, "Why weepest thou?" and she said, "Tell me where thou hast laid Him,"

Then, in the voice that she so dearly loved. He said, "Mary." She knew at once it was Jesus, and with great

joy she knelt at His feet and cried, 'Master.'"

So Jesus came to all His disciples, one by one, or two or three together. And at last they all knew He was really risen from the dead-that He was alive. And they learned, too, what we must learn and never forget; that as Jesus rose from the dead, so we and all whom we love, rise again. Sometimes when we go to sleep at night, it is dark and stormy, and we feel tired and a little lonesome, but when we wake in the morning the sky is blue, the sun is shining and we sing for happiness. Dying is like that; falling to sleep here when we are tired, and waking in heaven with Jesus.

That is why Jesus came back that bright Easter morning after He had died on the cross; to show us that death is nothing to be afraid of, for it means going to be with him.—"Tell Me a True Story."

THIRD SUNDAY-THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Bobby is a dear little boy, who has two pet lambs. He loves these very much, and is so careful to keep their woolly coats nice and clean. He says that when he is a man he is going to have a whole herd of sheep, and be like the "Good Shepherd" which Jesus tells us about. Would you like to hear the story of that Good Shepherd?

Once there was a man who had a hundred sheep. Some were little lambs, some were big black sheep and some were white ones, but he loved them all just the same, and took such good care of them. In the early morning he would take them far upon the hillside, where the tender grass grew and where they could get all the nice cool water they wanted to drink. Here they would stay all day, nibbling the grass and resting in the shade of the bushes and the great rocks.

It was such a nice place to be and sometimes even the Good Shepherd would get drowsy and feel like taking a nap, but he did not dare to go to

sleep, for he knew that behind some of those big rocks wolves were often hiding, watching their chance to get one of these sheep. So when the Shepherd saw one of his herd straying away from the rest, he would call to it to come back. And the sheep, knowing and loving its master's voice, would come. (The shepherds led their sheep in those days, rather than driving them as we do.)

It was not safe to leave his herd here at night, so in the evening the Shepherd would call them all to him and down they would go, over the steep and rocky path, down to the sheepfold, where the wolves could not enter and where the little lambs were safe. But one night, a sad thing happened.

The Shepherd was counting his sheep as they ran into the fold: "ninetv-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven," then He began to look worried; "ninety-eight, ninety-nine." Only ninety-nine! Where was the other little lamb?

It was dark now, and a storm was coming, but He hastened back to find it. Up the hillside he went, calling and then stopping to listen for the auswering "Baa" of the lost one. But no answer came. The rocks were rough and the bushes were thorny, but on and on he went, not minding the storm, nor the darkness.

At last he thought he heard a faint "Baa" way off in the distance. He hastened on to where the sound came from and there he found the poor little lamb, down between two big rocks, held so fast that it could not get out. He lifted it up and carried it down the hillside in his arms, happy because had found it.

When he reached home he called to his neighbors and said, "Rejoice with me for I have found the lamb which was lost."

Jesus told us this story to show how much He loves us. We are all His sheep, or little lambs, and He is the Great Shepherd.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Hofmann.

He loves us even more than that can save us from worse things than wolves. When one of us has done wrong, it is like the little lamb getting lost.

But He is always calling us to come good shepherd loved his sheep. He back again, ever ready to help us to do right.

> Sing, "Little Lambs so White and Fair."

Finger play—This is the meadow where all the long day, ten little frolicsome lambs are at play, etc.—Kindergarten Plan Book, p. 44.

Finger song—"Eight White Sheep,"

Walker & Jenks.

REVIEW.

Children enjoy reviewing stories by acting them out, and it fixes the stories in their minds. This lesson lends itself very nicely to dramatization.

Let some of the children be wolves, some be sheep and others, little lambs, and one of the larger ones, the shepherd. The chairs may represent the rocks behind which the wolves are hiding, and a group of chairs the sheepfold. Be sure to emphasize the loving watchful care of the shepherd.

For a beautiful and also helpful description of shepherd life in Palestine read the little booklet entitled, "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," by Wm. Allen Knight. Cost is twenty-five or fifty cents, according to binding.

FOURTH SUNDAY-THE PRODIGAL SON.

Do you remember the story I told you last Sunday about the man who lost one of his lambs and how happy he was when he found it again?

Well, today I am going to tell you about another man who lost, not his sheep, but something much dearer—his own son.

This man had two sons. The older one was happy in staying at home with his father and working in the field, but the younger boy was restless and wanted to get away so he could do just as he pleased and have a good time. One day he said, "Father, give me the share of money that is coming to me and I will never ask you for anything more. I want to go on a long journey and see everything." So his father gave him the money and the boy went away, singing, and whistling, just as happy as could be. But the father was very, very sad, for he

knew his son had gone out into the world where the wolves would seek to destroy him—not wolves such as the shepherd feared. The wolves which this father was afraid of were the wicked people who would try to get his boy to do wrong, and so he prayed and watched for him, and his heart grew sad and lonely when his son did not come back.

Shall I tell you what the young man was doing? At first, while he had plenty of money he had such a good time and many friends. But they were not true friends, for all they wanted was his money and they often led him to do wrong. Soon, his money was gone, and then these people all left him.

Before long there was a famine in the land, and even the richest folks could hardly buy enough food to eat. This son, now that he had no more money, could not get a thing. So he went out to hunt for work, and at last he was hired to feed the pigs. He was so hungry that he would gladly have eaten with the pigs, but there was nothing left for him.

He thought of the good home he had left and said to himself, "In my father's house the servants have plenty to eat and some to spare, and here I am starving to death. I will go to my father and say, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and you; I am not good enough to be called your son, but let me be your servant and work for you.'"

So, hungry and sad and weary, he started on his long journey homeward. He was sorry, oh so sorry, for what he had done. And his father at home had been watching and waiting for him all the while, wondering where his son was and what he was doing, and whether he wouldn't come home some day. Like the Good Shepherd he missed the one that was gone, and loved him even the more because he was out of the fold. And as the father was watching, looking anxiously down

his neck and kissed him."

And oh, how happy that father was to get his lost boy back again. He said to the servants, "Go bring forth they sat down to the feast."

the road, he saw his son "a great way the best robe and put on him, and put off," coming slowly toward him. So a ring on his finger, and shoes on his the father ran to meet him and "fell on feet. And kill the fatted calf that we may have a great feast, for my son that was lost is found."

"And so together, in love and joy,

The Elk.

(Cervus Canadensis.) By Claude T. Barnes. M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.

When at the beginning of the last century, millions of buffaloes and elk reigned supreme over the plains and mountainous regions of North America, few hunters could foresee the extermination of the vast herds of wild game about them, in the lifetime of their children. Today, however, there are no wild buffaloes, and the homesteader is gradually crowding the few remaining bands of elk out of their winter feeding grounds. A tragedy of nature is being enacted with the curtain almost ready to fall on the last

No other animal in the world can show antlers of such size and beautiful symmetry as those of the elk; a but the general characteristics of the beautiful creature are familiar to every Westerner. Its short tail, naked moist muzzle, maned neck, rudimentary teeth known as "tusks" and its many tined antlers, are well known points of distinction; and the spotted coloring of the fawns is of special interest.

Elks are, of course, much larger than our common white-tailed deer, a grown male tipping the scales at from 700 to 1,000 pounds, and a big cow weighing sometimes over 600 pounds. Even an elk calf, when newly born, weighs 30 pounds.b

The beautiful elk heads seen in

hotels and lodges are usually of a rich chestnut color and much darker than the other parts of the animal's body. In spring, especially, the elk's coat fades until it becomes in many cases almost white; and, in fact, the large rump patches and the tail are always pale, buffy white. The tiny calf is dull yellowish, thickly dappled on the body, neck and thighs with large spots of dull white, which, however, disappear with the coming of the first winter

Careful research leads one to believe that Jacques Carter was the first white man to see an elk in the New World. In 1535 he ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga, now Montreal, seeing "Great stores of Stags, Deere, Beares." In 1532, however, Ninade Guzman explored the west coast of Mexico seeing many "Cattle and many Deer of very large size," probably elk.

In 1605, Captain George Waymouth found "Deere, red and fallow, Beares, etc. * * * Some like our other Beasts, the Savages signe unto

male), "le Wapiti;" Indian names: Cree—"mus-koose," "Wawaskeeshoo," "Awaskees," "Moostoosh," Ojib. and Saut—"Mush-koose," Yankton Sioux—"Ehkahg-tchick-kah," Ogallala Sioux. "Hayhah-kah

^bAn old bull will measure about as follows: length, 8634 inches; height at shoulders, 561/2 inches; some, however, have measured 108 inches in length. The cows are smaller than the bulls.

Other names: The Wapiti, Canada Stag, American red-deer; French Canadian: "le Cerf" (male), "le Biche" (fe-

us with horns and broad ears, which we take to be like Olkes or Loshes." This is the first time the word "Olkes" or "elk" was used with reference to the American animal. Thus in 1650. it was reported that in Virginia there were "elks bigger than oxen."c

In 1731, Mark Catesby wrote concerning the stag of America: "They usually accompany the Buffaloes, with whom they range in droves in the upper and remote parts of Carolina, where, as well as in our other colonies, they are improperly called Elks. The French in America eall this beast the Canada Stag. In New England, it is known by the name of Gray Moose, to distinguish it from the preceding beast, which they call the Black Moose."d

In March, 1806, Dr. B. S. Barton gave the elk the name "Wapiti" by which it was known among the Shawnese or Shawnee Indians.

At one time elk were to be found in practically all of the northern part of the United States and the Southern part of Canada, though they never occurred in the Great Basin. Years ago in Pennsylvania their paths leading to their "licks" were as wide as our public roads; and in the 17th and 18th centuries they probably numbered 10,-000,000!

At the beginning of the 19th century dwindling began, though it was not until 1895-the year of awakening among nature lovers generally that men saw that unless something were done the elk would soon follow

the buffalo into extermination. Wise legislation since that time has aided matters somewhat, but the total number alive now is only 45,650.

Elks are wary; but their tracks are full of meaning to the experinced hunter. For instance, a bull's hoofs are 5 inches long; those of the cow.



THE ELK.

4 inches. The size of the bull's antlers can be estimated by the openings he avoids and by the snow stripped branches his horns touch. If unalarmed, he takes slow, short steps, dragging his feet in the snow; but, if

Bah. Ids. 11 1731-43, p. 18.

eThe Elk Lodge takes its name from the prehistoric Irish elk (Cervus giganteus) which stood over six feet high and had horns with a spread of about eleven feet. Its remains are sometimes found in peat bogs in Ireland and in other Pleistocene deposits. Despite this fact, probably unknown to most Elk Lodge members, the American Wapiti is killed for its tusks and antlers as if it were the true namesake of the order.

cForce, Col. Hist. Trav., Vol. III, No. 2, p. 11.
dCatesby, Nat. Hist. Car. Flor. and

The 45,650 is distributed as follows: Yellowstone Park, 20,000; Wyoming (outside the Park), 5,000; Manitoba, 5,000; Idaho, 5,000; Montana, 4,000; Vancouver Island, 2,000; Washington, 1,500; Alberta, 1,000; Oregon, 200; Saskatchewan, 200; California, 200; British Columbia, 200; Minnesota, 50; Parks museums, etc., 1,000: Total, 45,600.

disturbed, he runs with a clean long stride.

The haven of the elks, today, is Yellowstone Park in Summer and Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, in winter. In the spring, the cows graze along the rich, low valleys, while the bulls seek the higher plateaus. The calves, usualy one though sometimes two or even three to a cow, are born in May; and for the first few days, the mother hides her little one in bushes. There it lies like a log, its unwinking bright eyes taking in every movement of the intruder but its tiny body remaining perfectly still. Its big white spots resemble patches of sunlight midst dark shade and thus are a protection, not a disclosure.

After a few days, the calf wanders with its mother, who, however, still hides it in times of danger; but by October the youngster is able to forage for itself.

Elk wallows are accredited to the bulls, who enjoy the mud as much as a hog; but a dozen or more, cows and bulls, have been seen wallowing together, apparently for mere amusement. At times elk have been seen in a sort of circle dance, twenty or more of them running round in a ring for a half hour or more, with no object perhaps except the fun of the game.

The crowning glory of the stag is his antlers, which, wonderful as it may seem, are grown afresh each summer. Each March they break off at the base an inch or more above the skull. Within three days afterward the raw spots have become velvety bulbs of skin gorged with blood; and in two weeks are soft antlers several inches high, hot with blood vessels. In four months the "skyscraper" is once more complete, and the velvet begins to peel from the hard horn.

Any injury, any sickness, even a cold, affects the size of the antlers; in fact, the horns each year reflect the vicissitudes of their owner while growing them. Each season the horns in-

crease in size until the sixth, when they decline, year after year until the end. Many freaks are found: W. W. Hart has a 28 point head and other hunters have horns which resemble moose antlers more than elk's.^g The fallen horns, which one would expect to find littered all over the haunts of the elk are in fact eaten by mice, gophers, rats and porcupines.

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With antlers perfect and bodies trim, the bulls descend from the mountains in the Autumn and as soon as the cows are sighted the world-famous bugling begins. Each big bull takes his cows, seeks an eminence and trumpets his defiance to the world. The tones resemble somewhat the bray of a jackass but are music to the lover of the wilds.

Young bulls do not bugle but whistle. Hence, if in answer to a young bull's note of aspiring defiance, there comes through the glen the clear bugle call of an old stag, the young bull immediately pushes his cows along with his horns until he has them hidden from the enemy. The bugle sounds too big for him.

Terrific, indeed, are the battles of the bulls. A misstep, a faltering means a disemboweled side and a lingering death. The direst sight of all, however, occurs when two bulls so entangle their horns that they cannot pull them apart. Hours of tugging, hours of struggle, end in weakness, hunger and despair. Finally one succumbs to the terrible strain and wolves feed upon his body while his antagonist drags his remains about snorting at the wolves and trying to reach a mouthful of grass, to allay its knawing hunger. At last, two blanched skeletons with horns even in death inextricably intertwined tell the final word of this awful tragedy of the mountain side.

gThe largest elk head in the world is in the Montana Armory; it is known as "the 21 point head" and its beams are 66½ and 64¼ inches long respectively, while its spread is 52 inches.



CHILDREN'S SECTION



Snickety-Snoodle and Quickety-Quirk

Snickety Snoodle and Quickety Quirk were having a morning scamper. Their little beady black eyes fairly popped out of their saucy squirrel faces, and they perked their plumy red tails jauntily.

Whiskety whisk, up one tree and down another; trippety trip, along the fence rail; skippety skip through the dry leaves; then, clippety clip, up an-

other tree.

Oh! fine sport for Snickety and Quickety! It was such a fresh fall morning that they just couldn't help frisking. The leaves were all gold and orange and red and brown in the woods, and besides, chestnuts were ripe.

My! but Snickety Snoodle and Quickety Quirk had to get up early to beat that Tommy Jenks, for Tommy Jenks knew the best nut trees, too, and had sharp eyes to spy the little brown nuts among the fallen leaves and the fern tangles.

"Ha, ha!" chattered Snickety, "I've thought of a way to fool Tommy. Ha,

ha!"

"What is it?" flickered Quickety.

"Come with me," said Snickety, and off they whisked to a huge chestnut tree in the middle of a woodlot.

"These nuts are choice and large," whispered Snickety, "and Tommy will be sure to come here as soon as they are ripe, but the burrs, you see, are not open yet."

Then Snickety showed Quickety how to cut off the stem of each fast-shut burr an inch from the end, so that the ground was covered with the burrs.

"Now, when the frost comes here,"

said Snickety, "it will not scatter the chestnuts. We shall be able to find them all easily and quickly right here in the open burrs."

"Ha, ha! ha! ho!" snickered Quickety, "you are so smart, Snickety."

Every morning early, after that, Snickety and Quickety visited the big tree, and one day, after a severe frost the night before, all the burrs were brown and cracked open so that the smooth little nuts inside showed. Snickety and Quickety were very busy, carrying them to secret holes and hollows, and long before Tommy Jenks thought of eating his breakfast, they were stowed away.

The sun was not very high, however, when Snickety and Quickety, playing 'Follow My Leader' along the stone wall, saw Tommy coming with a huge brown sack over his arm. He went straight to the big chestnut tree, and how he did hunt among the leaves and empty burrs, but not a chestnut did he find, unless it happened to be a bad one.

Snickety and Quickety were so happy to think they had gotten the better of him that they just sat up on the wall and snickered. As soon though, as they saw Tommy pick up a stone to fling, they were off to the tree-tops.

Fall was just one long, long feast-time to Snickety Snoodle and Quickety Ouirk. When they weren't nibbling hickory nuts and chestnuts and butternuts, they were in Farmer Jenks' orchard chipping up apples for the delicious little brown seeds. And when they weren't nibbling and gnawing, they were frisking and whisking and skipping and tripping through the brown leaves and over the fence rails.

All too soon, came the cold white snow, and Snickety and Quickety had to stay much of the time in their home nest 'way up high in a hole in the trunk of a maple tree.

Their store of nuts didn't last very long, for they hadn't laid up many, but after the nuts were gone, they made plenty of good meals from hemlock cones and sumac bobs. Sometimes they found little frozen apples under a wild apple tree, and then such a chewing and chipping and crunching went on to get at the seeds 'way inside.

But the days grew colder, and the

cold grew fiercer. The frozen apples became covered by the deep snow, the hemlock cones and sumac bobs were gone.

"I'm so hungry," said Quickety, one day, "but what is there to eat?"

"Follow me," said Snickety cheerily. He led the way to a sugar maple tree. This time he showed Quickety how to knaw until he came to the soft white layer between the trunk and the bark. Um! it was delicious!

But, after a time, they became very tired of such food.

"Come," said Snickety, one day, "are you game? If you are, we will pay a



SNICKETY-SNOODLE AND QUICKETY-QUIRK AND FAMILIES.

little visit to Farmer Jenks' barn. I am sure he has bins of grain; the only trouble is that the old yellow barn cat and the big black barn cat and the little fierce gray cat may be on the watch."

"Oh, how smart you are; yes, I will follow you," said little Quickety bravely. So they set out on their journey. Along the fence rails they scurried, across the white woodlot, up the big elm, flippity flip, across to the red barn roof, and in at a pigeon hole.

"Um! smell the sweet grain," whis-

pered Snickety.

All was quiet. Snickety and Quickety skipped softly over the floor, and peeped through a crack into the grain bin. How the kernels glistened, rich and golden! Hungry little Snickety and Quickety were just wondering about the very best way of getting in, when they caught the glare of two great green eyes from a dark corner.

Whiskety-whirl, lickity-lip, they scampered for the woods with the old

vellow barn cat after them.

How they trembled as they huddled together in their safe snug hole!

"I would rather eat that queer white stuff in trees always," said Quickety.

Such times could not last, however, and before the snow was gone, spring began to come. Snickety and Quickety found out that the sap was running in the trees.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Snickety, "now we shall have a feast. There is nothing so delicious as the sweet juice from maple trees."

He showed Quickety how to bore holes in the bark of the sugar maples with his sharp little teeth, and then suck the sap.

One morning two pretty little red squirrel ladies appeared in a birch tree near the home of Snickety and Quickety.

"How charming they are!" exclaimed Snickety. "What pretty little wives they would make us!"

"Oh, yes, wouldn't they? How smart you are!" said Quickety.

So Snickety and Quickety each courted one of the little squirrel ladies. Then they found two new little holes near by, and Snickety and his dear little wife, and Quickety and his dear little wife, each had a snug little home.

And after a while, three cunning red squirrels came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Snickety Snoodle and three heautiful little red squirrels with Mr. and Mrs. Quickety Quirk.—Emily

Rose Burt.

The Captive Pet.

By Ida Stewart Peay.

Bare-footed and sun-tanned the guileless Billie was swinging nonchalantly along, shrilly whistling an original air and happily hugging a precious but tremulous "something" to his breast.

"What's yer got?" asked a wee voice suddenly through the picket

ence.

"Hum?" ejaculated the pedestrian stopping short in his stride of freedom and his tune of joy and bringing his gaze from the far away blue of the fascinating summer sky to the small lad in the lot. "Ah, you, little Jack, well, what do ye guess?" cried the bigger boy as holding tight to his burden he leaped the fence and bent down indulgently to his tiny questioner. "Bet yer can't guess what it is," he gurgled, stroking the wee animal in his arms, and shooting from his orbs of blue a triumphant challange at his little brother.

"It's a rabbit, a cunnin' rabbit," shouted tiny Jack gleefully, adding coaxingly, "Give it to me, oh let me

hold it—jus' a minute.''

"No, no," said the bigger boy gently, raising the captive out of the reach of the eager arms, "Jackie couldn't hold him, 'cause, see this is a little 'cotton-tail' and he's as wild as a deer. He'd jump out of your little 'paddies' and scud for his home back

there in the woods, quicker 'en you

could wink your eye."

So baby Jack was persuaded to content himself with running gaily by the side of the bigger boy to the house; and watching intently the making of a cage for the untamed cotton-tail, which feat was successfully accomplished by turning a thin old goods box up-side down on the soft lawn. When the small creature was thus securely imprisoned the two brothers ran with joyous enthusiasm to summon their mother to see the delightful pet.

The lady walked out very slowly, for she had been ill for a long time, and upon locating through the cracks of the improvised jail, the shrinking, quaking form of the terrified bunny, the memory of her own recent confinement and pain welled into her tried heart where it was converted into a great sympathy for all suffering or imprisoned creatures, and so it was only with a sad voice that she murmured to the frightened captive,

"Poor little fellow, poor little 'cotton-tail!"

"Why, mamma," exclaimed the bigger boy in disappointed tones, "ain't you glad I caught him? I been wantin' a wild rabbit for a pet ever since I was born."

"Yes, I know, Billie," answered the parent kindly, "and I do desire greatly to see my boy happy, but it seems too bad that in order to please you we must take away from the dear little wild brother all the joy and freedom of his life."

"But I mean to be awful good to him, mamma, I shall give him all he can eat and drink and play with him so often he will never be lonesome," said the bigger boy a trifle crest-fallen.

"Even though you are kind to him, if you take away his liberty the poor little creature will never be happy again," she said quietly.

"Why?" asked Billie wonderingly. The mother answered him with a question. "How would you like to be torn away from your home and loved ones, from your companiors and play grounds and be shut away from the sky and the sunshine?" she said.

"I shouldn't like it a bit," owned Billie lamely, "but, mamma, can't I keep him then?" he finished in a plead-

ing voice.

"Yes," promised the mother, "you may keep him until you can understand and pity his wretched fate, and then you will gladly turn him loose."

"That'll be never," thought Billie throwing himself at full length face downward before the pen, where digging his elbows into the soft grass and resting his chin in his palms he feasted his eyes for hours upon the strange movements of the coveted prize. When night came he fed and watered and made a fine bed for the prisoner, and as he reluctantly turned towards the house he whispered lovingly, "Goodnight, little cotton-tail, good-night."

Even after Billie had gone to bed he had to get up and draw his couch before the window that overlooked the rabbit-house, that he might watch over the animal. He sat up in hed the better to see the spot and then a very, very

strange thing happened.

First a few stray moonbeams stole in at the window and made shiny pillows on the side of the sill and coaxed Billie to lay his head on them, which he did gratefully, for he was getting tired. Then the lazy night-winds began to play dreamy music upon the tall treetops and the moon pushed away the clouds, through which he had been peeking, and seeing every one asleep, came boldly out and began to make comical shadows to amuse himself, and all at once out of the darkness of these there lumbered a great, big, clumsy bear. Billie was so astonished at this that he almost lost his breath, while he was gasping old Bruin walked up to the window, deliberately stuck in his head, took hold of Billie by his clothes, drew him threw the opening and then, carrying the helpless child in his great

jaws, went swinging away at a very

rapid gait.

The boy tried with all of his might to scream, but he was so terrified that the kid-napping beast reached the wood before he could utter a cry for help.

Once inside the forest the animal slackened his pace and meandered in and out around the tall trees, and their long shadows until he came to the biggest tree Billie had ever seen, the trunk of which proved to be hollow for the bear walked into it through an opening on one side and dropped his captive child upon a low bed of moss.

Here poor frightened Billie couched low, not daring to make a sound, and he trembled and shook like an aspen

leaf.

"In this tree-trunk-cage you are to live from now on until you die but don't be scared, little fellow, for I shall not hurt you," said a deep gruff voice. This so startled Billie that he quickly sat up and looked wonderingly around to see who had spoken, no one was in sight but the beast who sat contentedly even happily watching his prisoner and guarding the door. The lad marveled that a bear could speak, but he was obliged to believe it for now the old fellow was saying something more and Billie was looking right at him.

"You see," Bruin continued, "I have always wanted a little boy for a pet, I think they are so cute. I mean to be very good to you. I will feed and water you regularly and play with you so often that you will never get lone-some." Then the bear put out his great paw and smoothed Billie's hair and said, in his softest tones.

"Dear little tame brother, you are so cute!" This odd stroke of kindness was so painful to the poor captive that he managed to say in a thick whisper for he had not yet found his voice,

"Don't, you hurt me—leave me alone —I don't like you, and you are very cruel and wicked to tear me away from my mamma and little Jack and shut me in this dreadful dark place, away

from the sky and the sunshine and my lively play."

At these hard words the bear looked reproachfully at the boy, saying,

"Wouldn't you willingly sacrifice all the joy and freedom of your unimportant little life to amuse and divert a great monarch of beasts like I?" But this foolish speech made Billie so angry that his voice returned and he velled, "No, no, no!" loud enough to be heard a long distance, and it also made him feel very queer, and a great light came into his tree-cage which almost put his eyes out and caused him to blink and blink. Finally, when he was able to get his eyes open again, they fell upon the little white curtain at his bed-room window through which now streamed the rosy light of morning, enhancing every object in a glory of warmth and brightness.

Billie sat up in bed mystified. "I'm in heaven," he thought at first, then there spread over his little freckled face a large, relieved, assured and happy smile, and he bounced out of bed, quickly, dressed himself and ran for his mother and little Jack.

"Come with me, come with me," he cried, not stopping to explain, but dashing on like a wild person, and in astonishment the mother and baby followed the bigger boy to the box on the lawn.

"I'm going to turn him loose, mamma," announced Billie with bright eyes as he lifted the cage and gave the son of the woods his precious liberty. Little cotton-tail for a moment couched trembling glancing from one to the other of them with round wondering eyes, then as if comprehending his good fortune he whirled and bounded swiftly away towards his forest home.

"Next pet I have, mamma dear," said the bigger boy, warmly returning his mother's approving kiss, "will be a homeless dog or cat, or perhaps a chicken or calf."

The tender-hearted woman laughed through her grateful tears as she asked Billie to tell her about his change of mind which he did so graphically that little Tack almost cried.

The Richest Girl in the School.

Three little girls were going home from school together—Elsie Jameson, Dorothy Mansfield, and Marjorie Dodd. Elsie was not pretty, and her clothes were cheap and plain; but her eves were bright, her cheeks were rosy, and her dress was tidy and trim. Dorothy walked between the others, and was so beautiful that people turned to look at her; she was slender and graceful, and she almost always dressed in white, with blue ribbons to match her Marjorie, the third, wore glasses; she had a very pretty face, except for the scowl that was often upon it, and her frock was of rich material and made in the latest fashion.

Dorothy left them at a corner, and waved her hand and smiled back to them till she was out of sight.

"Isn't she sweet?" said Elsie.

"Good reason why!" answered Marjorie. "Anybody could be sweet with all her money. She has a pony to ride, and goes sailing on her father's vacht, and—oh, she has everything! A lady told my mother that Mr. Mansfield is the richest man in town, so Dorothy is the richest girl in school."

"It must be nice to have so much

money," sighed Elsie.

"Yes; I love pretty clothes; don't

you?"

"I-I guess I should," replied Elsie, looking down at her brown-and-

white print.

"I want to wear a silk dress to school, but mother will not let me," said her companion. "I think she might; I guess my father's next as rich as Dorothy's. Good-bye," and Marjorie skipped up the steps of her home and disappeared inside.'

"I wish I could have a pretty dress," mused Elsic. "I wonder why father hasn't as much money as the other girls' fathers. It must be lovely to be rich." Her bright eyes had grown sad, and her lips drooped sorrowfully.

"What are the sober thoughts about, little girl?" asked a happy voice at her side, and Elsie looked up to see her

teacher, Miss Leland.

"Is it a weighty secret?"

Elsie flushed.

"Marjorie Dodd was just talking about how rich Dorothy Mansfield is, and I was thinking it must be nice that's all."

"So that's it." Miss Leland smiled. "Yes, Mr. Mansfield has a great deal of money; still Dorothy is not so rich as you are. I was thinking of it only yesterday, and I said to myself that Elsie Jameson was really the richest girl in the school."

"Why, Miss Leland!" Elsie's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"I mean it," said her teacher.

"To begin with Dorothy, she would seem to have every good thingeverything but a strong body. Her pony was bought in order to keep her out of doors more; but she has to be careful even about riding, she is so

frail, while I don't suppose you know what it's to be tired."

"No," agreed Elsie; "but Marjorie is as strong as I, and rich too."

"Should you like to give up your good eyesight for a little more money?"

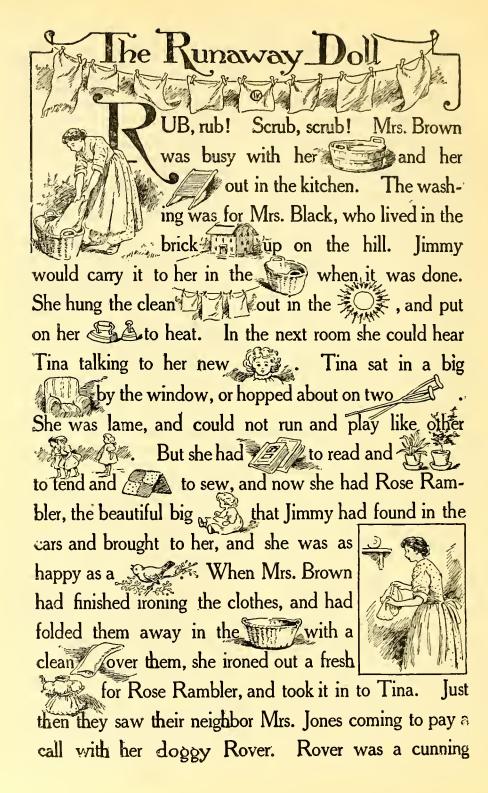
"Oh, no!" Elsie laughed.

"And I think you wouldn't wish to be lame—like Albert Lampson, or lose your mother—like Elizabeth Hopkins, or have no baby brother—like Pearl Morris, or be deaf—like Natalie Johnson, or give up your place at the head of the arithmetic class, or have no father—like Jane Colt, or—"

"Oh, Miss Leland, I am rich, and I

never knew it!"

"Yes; money never can make up for the loss of such riches as you have; you are truly the richest girl in the school."



dog. He would sit up and beg, and bark sharp and quick for "yes," and catch a or a "on the fly," and roll over and play dead if you pointed a at

him like a ... But he was a mischievous dog, too, and he would worry anything he could find, from his mistress' old ... "Dear, dear," said Tina, "Rover must not see

of clothes on the of clothes on the and popped in, and covered her up close. "Bye, bye, Baby!" she said, and hopped back into the parlor.

Then, while they were all drinking and laughing at Rover's tricks, in came Jimmy at the back door and saw the "I will take the clothes up now, and surprise mother!" he thought. So he set the basket in his little ", and

trotted away up the hill to Mrs. Black's, with Rose Rambler tucked in fast asleep among the clothes behind him!

Laughlets.

Awful.

"Is my hat on straight?" "No. Onc eye shows."-Life.

In the Dog Watch.

Objection is made in New York to drowning stray dogs, for fear so many sunken barks may obstruct navigation. -Christian Advocate.

What the Little Bird Said.

A little hird sat on a telegraph wire, And said to his mates, "I declare If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue, We'll all have to sit on the air!"

Unavoidable.

Owner.—"How did ye come to puncture the tire?"

Chauffenr.—"Ran over a milk bottle." Owner.—"Didn't you see it in time?" Chauffeur,-"No; the kid had it under his coat."-Town Topics.

Too Dangerous.

In the struggling days at Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken-house for a schoolroom.

"Uncle," he said to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and help me

clean out a henhouse."

"Law, now, Mr. Washington," the old man expostulated, "you-all don't want to begin cleanin' out no henhouse roun' yere in de day time."-"Success Magazine."

Different Complexion.

A stranger in Boston was once interested to discover, when dining with friends, that the dessert he would have classed as cream layer cake at home, was known in Boston as Washington pie. The next time he lunched at a restaurant he ordered the same thing; but the waiter put before him a rather heavy-looking square of cake covered with chocolate. A puzzled expression came over his face as he said reprovingly: "I ordered as he said reprovingly: Washington pie, waiter.

"That is Washington pie, sir."

"Well," expostulated the disappointed man, "I did not mean Booker T. I want George."—Everybody's Magazine.

Would be Cool.

"Do you think he would be cool in time of danger?" "I think his feet would."

Femine Figures.

"He's the man of the hour."

"Isn't there ever a woman of the hour?"

"Yes; but it takes her an hour and a half."-Chicago News.

A Sad One.

Hoax-"Here's an article written by a scientist who says that insects have emotions. He claims he has frequently seen a mosquito weep."

Joax-"Well, I've often seen a moth

ball."—Philadelphia Record.

A Fright.

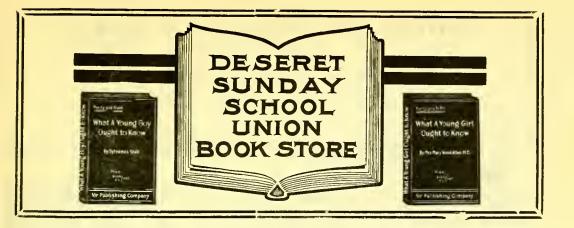
"Lady." said Meandering "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap!"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got de hiccups an' I want to scare him."-Washington Star.

Too Serious.

A colored maid was talking to her mistress about taking religion seriously and said it reminded her of an old "cullud" man called Lunnon, who used to live in Virginia. "Mah goodness," she continued, "but dat ol' man took his religion hard! He was always gwine to chu'ch an' repeatin' passages an' singin' hallelupahs, an' telling what a good man he wuz. 'When mah time comes,' he uster say, 'de Lord is gwinter sen' his fiery chariot straight foh me-an' I'll be a good-an'-ready when it comes.' Well, de boys dey put up a joke on de ol man one night, an' dey, went round by his cabin a-yippin' an' a-screechin', an' when de ol' man opens his do' jis' a little ways an' say 'Who dat out dar?' one o' dem boys yells back: 'De Lor' done sen' his fiery chariot foh ol' Lunnon.' An' de ol' man he turn as pale as a sheet an' he screams out at dem: 'Drive along, drive along! Dar ain't no sech pussun heah! Dat ol' niggah been dead three weeks!"



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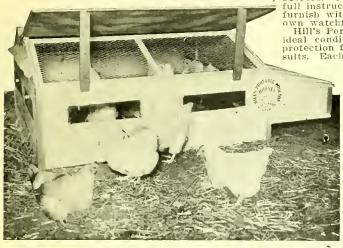
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